

The Catholic Record

"Christianus mihi nomen est Catholicus vero Cognomen."—(Christian is my Name, but Catholic my Surname)—St. Pacien, 4th Century

VOLUME XXXVII.

LONDON, CANADA, SATURDAY, AUGUST 7, 1915

1920

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STILL TRUE

It is a long time since Tennyson wrote "Locksley Hall," but it is truer and more regrettable to-day than it was then. That life is sadly underestimated; that men and women live more on the surface, abusing the gifts of Nature and science; that "Knowledge comes, but Wisdom lingers," and widespread unrest is the result. There are those who welcome this prevailing discontent as the true note of progress. Certainly there is no virtue in a status-quo immobility. Growth involves disturbance. But we are thinking of other and deeper troubles than those which concern hours and wages, higher prices and inadequate incomes. What of the books our library readers mostly revel in, the plays they applaud, their tastes in dress and social display? We bring no railing accusation: we only echo certain murmurs which find pungent expression in the more sober organs of public opinion.

THE MAIN SYMPTOM

The main symptom of danger consists in the growing disposition to break down barriers, to pour scorn upon tested moral traditions, to regard "living by the day" as the sum total of human interest in a shallower sense than Horace intended in his gayer mood. Youth is very confident just now. Age and experience are heavily discounted, for does not "the dead hand" lie oppressively on the rising generation, and is it not probable that past convictions are as unsuited to the modern need as the older social and political conventions were? There is much clamour about the new ambitions and aspirations of our young women: statesmen are puzzled to know how to handle their claim to a direct share in the administrative activities of the country. The typical young man of our time is desirous of being thought a good fellow. His elasticity of temperament leads him to handle life with a kind of easy confidence because he knows that his natural impulses are decent and kindly, and therefore he feels but slight dependence upon any inherited rules of conduct or circumstantial safeguards. He has caught some few echoes of a persistent refrain which runs through so much of the aggressive literature of our time—a refrain which indeed is not original, though it takes on an air and tone of twentieth-century novelty. The key-note is self-fulfilment as an antidote to the older teaching of guarded caution, often entailing self-sacrifice.

THE PERIL

The peculiar peril here involved arises from the fact that under the indulgent dispensation of the modern family no previous discipline has fitted the young man to form correct judgments as to the things that make for happiness. Too often his relation to his parents is one that brings him no access of moral strength or helpful direction. Even mothers are expected to condone social sins when they do not involve outward disgrace. The damning offence is not the fracture of the moral law, it is the folly of being found out and exposed. We have all been affected by lowered standards of living. Instead of being content to emulate the energetic business habits of our American cousins, we have insensibly altered our standpoint in moral matters: the loosening of traditional religious bonds, which were potent factors in the sum of social life, has hurried us along the same slippery road, leaving many with no authentic guidance in the affairs of personal conduct save the passionate dictates of their own hearts.

FROM THE ALIEN

Even Germany, strong and self-sufficient as she deems herself, is reaching a crisis in her history which gives serious anxiety to lofty minds. An eminent professor lately spoke of the lax episcopate and effeminacy that threatens to degrade the German youth. He pointed to the "increasing opportunities for pleasure and indulgence," and warned "his Jena

audience that it was of little use to ameliorate the position of any class unless they could be helped to be stronger and firmer in character. He incited them to "an energetic warfare against the slackness of the moral attitude," a crusade "not only to bring home to everyone a full consciousness of the value and importance of the idea of duty, but also to give it a more powerful expression in life." Severe comments were made by the same authority upon the degeneracy which displays itself in a rampant defiance of art's fundamental laws. "The cult of the hideous nests one everywhere." He might have stated, with truth, that it even started in the nursery, where with golliwogs and billikins and kewpies we train the children in monstrosities. The House of Art had many mansions, but for the progressive present age there is no harborage higher than the cellar—might it be a dark one. The spirit of beauty has gone into retreat, waiting for the wave of ugliness to pass. Let us hope she may one day return, even if it be not in our time.

Is it any wonder that our young people come to regard success and show as the paramount objects of their lives? Inordinate social ambition, carrying with it so many perils and involving such false ideals, becomes the element in which they live and move and have their being. That all-round intelligence, kindness, and conscientiousness should suffer depreciation follows as a matter of course. It is still sadly true that our upper class follows barbaric impulses and breeds philistines who lack fitness of nature and that our lower classes can but rarely escape the contagion of vices which they ape, and on which they have neither time or money to indulge safely.

This is said to be an age of utility. The boast is not easily justified, for how can the human world be served by habits which ignore the true needs of the heart? Who are "the fittest," if not they in whom the sacred fire burns brightly, who have discerned the true end of life and have not sworn fealty to the world's unclean gods, but to the holy three, man's angel guides who lead him upward—Faith, Hope and Charity?

THE HOLY MASS

To Catholics the Mass is the centre of all their worship: their devotion and their spiritual life. Every morning the Sacrifice of Calvary is renewed: the Mighty Intercessor stretches out His arms in the midst of His people to kindle the fervour of their faith and to lift human acts into divine efficacy.

"Were I urging man and woman," says Bishop Hedley, "to hear Mass as often as possible, I would say, come to Mass as you would have come to the foot of the Cross on Calvary, and be washed from your sins in the Precious Blood. I do not say that the Mass directly forgives sins like the Sacrament of Penance does. But it moves God to give the graces of repentance. And take notice that the Mass infallibly has this effect: that is, if it is offered for a sinner it infallibly obtains for him the actual graces of contrition, unless that sinner is at that moment wilfully hardening his heart."

The Mass makes satisfaction and does so infallibly in regard to all punishment of sin in respect to all who are in the grace of God whether they are living or dead. Its effects reach to every pain, to every suffering, to every trouble and sorrow which sin, even when there is security against hell-fire, has brought upon the world. One Mass, and scourges are turned away from nations and flocks. One Mass, and judgments which are hanging over those who are dear to us, are presented and changed to mercy. One Mass and blessings spiritual and temporal, so far as God sees they will profit, are poured out from the Hand of Him who ever longs to bless us. And one Mass brightens the realms of Purgatory.

WHY

Why then do we not value it more? Many, of course, cannot attend daily Mass. But there are not a few who have time and opportunity to assist at the Holy Sacrifice and yet neglect it. Leisure they have for the things that pass; for their friends and

amusements, but none to taste and see that the Lord is sweet. Their lamp of faith burns fitfully: they have no understanding of the nearness of the Lord. They do not realize that the grand source of every good and perfect gift is the Mass and that courage, strength, peace, consolation, self denial flow inexhaustibly from the Altar. Here at their doors is the mighty river of grace, and yet it moves them not.

CARDINAL GIBBONS

READS MESSAGE OF HOPE FROM THE WAR

Baltimore, July 10.—The fifty-fourth anniversary of Cardinal Gibbons' ordination occurred on June 30, and he took the opportunity on that date to give Dr. Leonard K. Hirschberg, of Johns Hopkins University in Baltimore, the message to humanity which follows:

I should quite have forgotten that it was my fifty-fourth anniversary had it not been brought home to me by my friends, the people, who are kind enough not to forget to fall to celebrate these occasions. I thank them for their great interest in me, and through you will gladly send them forth a message in these times of trial for militant and neutral.

Tell them that on this day, notwithstanding my great age and my full life, I find myself in good health, for which I thank God. For my own part, I shall spend the time very quietly in the country with friends, as is my custom, holding a Mass of thanksgiving at some small chapel. Last year, on this anniversary, I worshipped in Europe, whence I had been called to visit Rome to help elect Pope Benedict.

Who but God could have expected at that time the world-wide conflagration which to-day has so stirred the souls of men?

Yet the Creator moves in a mysterious way His wonders to perform, and ultimate good must surely come from this as it has often come from other conflicts of the spirit.

Yet the far-reaching effect of the war on Christianity and the morals of mankind is almost a question too stupendous to discuss.

It often happens—indeed, it usually happens—that these world shattering conflicts and calamities only serve to draw mankind close to God. It is hard at this time, when nearly the whole of the civilized world is plunged into sorrow, when war and desolation stalk broadcast over Europe—then it is hard, I say, to get away from the immediate sadness and seemingly ever-present grief, and believe that good will come of it.

But looking back at previous struggles, it can be seen that, at their conclusion, the effect has been not to weaken and lower mankind, but out of the ruins of the havoc man has returned to the promotion forward movement of civilization with renewed zeal. The fact that in the midst of tribulation and affliction the human creature instinctively turns to God gives me hope in this present war. Just as, after former wars, men have come nearer to God, so I hope that the outcome of this strife will prove only good; and that humanity will gain greater clemency and a keener insight into the all-wisdom of God.

What the practical effect of this war will be on Christianity it is impossible to say, but I hope—I hope, I say—that out of it all we shall come closer to God and be more what He would have us be.

War in itself is often a great evil. There is, however, by the very nature of an evil, some good in it. You can have a perfect good, but no complete evil.

The moral forces in the world, religion and the glorification of the Supreme Being, is usually aided by such an unfortunate, though by no means necessary, crash of arms.

stalked about in materialistic pride, who were boastful, arrogant and un-conciliatory by their national traditions, education, and irreligious habits of thought, are now more humble, conciliatory, a bit considerate of others, particularly the enemies which they immorally despised and hated.

I pray and hope that far-reaching good will soon begin to assert itself in peace and good will among the nations of the earth.

This is the message I ask you to give to my people of America and my friends everywhere.

MORE EXILES

BANISHED BY CARRANZISTAS REACH SAN ANTONIO, TEX.

Nineteen Josephite Sisters, who have been engaged in hospital work at Monterey, Mexico, were recently banished from their native land by the Carranzista officials in command, for no other reason than that they are religious and hence are not wanted. They came into this city, says the Messenger of San Antonio, Tex., via Laredo a little over a week ago and received a cordial welcome from the Ursuline Sisters on Augusta street, where they are comfortably domiciled. A number of large rooms and part of the community chapel were placed at their disposal and the Sisters feel quite at home in their new quarters.

By a strange coincidence the Carranzista official who signed the order for their expulsion was seriously wounded the very next day and brought to the Sisters' hospital where he died, before they left there, on the following day. The Sisters, who were receiving \$10 per month from the authorities, have been replaced by lay nurses, who, we are told, are demanding \$100 per month for their services.

The Sisters belong to a Mexican religious community known as the "Josefinas" which was established in Mexico about fifty years ago, to take the place of the Sisters of Charity of St. Vincent de Paul who were expelled by President Benito Juarez when he inaugurated the war against the Church in that unhappy country. Besides the nineteen refugees now here a number of other Sisters of the same congregation preceded them into banishment some time ago and are now doing a great charitable work among the sick poor of New Orleans, at the invitation of Archbishop Blank.

The Sisters here are utilizing their time in learning English. They will also have a special spiritual retreat preached to them in Spanish at the conclusion of the spiritual retreat now being given to the Ursuline Sisters by Rev. Father Guyot, S. J., of Galveston.—St. Louis Church Progress.

A PRAYER FOR ITALY'S SUCCESS

CARDINALS ATTEND MASS FOR NATIONAL VICTORY AND RE-CITE PRAYER SANCTIONED BY POPE

Pope Benedict, through the Master of the Sacred Palace of the Vatican is stated to have formally approved for both private and public use a remarkable prayer imploring victory for the Italian arms.

The prayer is as follows: "O Jesus Christ Our Lord, Who didst so love Thy native land as to weep for it in sorrow, look pitifully on our beloved Italy. She, Thou seest, is fighting to make safe national boundaries and to stretch forth her hand to her own unregarded brethren. Not lust of domination, therefore, nor hatred move her, but justice and love. Bless O Jesus, our arms on land and sea; render them gloriously victorious."

"Bless our soldiers, sustain even to the end their proverbial courage. Free from sin these brave sons of ours, for whom Thou hast shed Thy precious blood, so that as many of them as fall victims to sacred duty may be safe with Thee in Paradise."

"Give, O Jesus, to the King, his generals and statesmen, those lights and those graces that they need in this decisive hour for our Italy."

"Surround with special comfort, we beseech Thee, families who have dear ones in our Army and in our Navy. Grant us to be worthy instruments of religious and civil charity in this our most grievous national crisis and enable Italy, issuing stronger and greater in victory, to hail speedily the desired day of peace."

FIRST PUBLIC RECITAL

This prayer was recited publicly for the first time on Sunday, June 27th, at a solemn national service at the Gesù Church, Rome, the headquarters of the Jesuits, in the presence of several cardinals, among whom was Cardinal Pompili, the Cardinal Vicar, who rules over the Papal diocese of Rome. Cardinal Biletti also attended the Solemn Mass. The church was crowded, and the prayer printed on slips of paper was caught up with avidity, and it

is understood that these prayer sheets will be generally adopted in churches.

Signor Salandra, the Premier, has sent a special telegram of congratulation to the Archbishop of Ancona, who lately published a Pastoral Letter in defence of the Italian cause.—Northwest Review.

OFFENSIVE POETRY

From Rome

The reproduction from the Osevatore Romano of the following protest is a miserable task because the thing which gave rise to it was so blasphemous, so heathen, so utterly unnecessary and so palpably false. Here is the protest which tells the tale: "The Travaso in its issue published yesterday printed an unworthy piece of poetry, previously advertised in several papers, written by —" (Rome is certainly not going to advertise the name of the writer), "in which the august Person of the Supreme Pontiff and His high dignity are dragged in the mud and held up to the ridicule of the public. And to render the offence more serious and the provocation more outrageous, the paper puts at the head of its issue, which is full of irreverences and offences to the Pope, an editorial notice in which, presenting to its readers the poet and his poetry, it says that this is once more 'the reflection of the truly Italian mind.' Against the shameful and blasphemous poetry, against the unworthy provocation and the libellous calumny thrown by the Travaso in the face of the feeling and conscience of Italians, we thought it our duty yesterday to say a word, in a column, of reproof and protest, in a very short article which unfortunately did not meet with the approval of the censor who expressed if we do not seek to know why. At the same time we are sure that the suppression was directed against the form only, certainly not against the substance of our article. Therefore the denunciation of the unworthy publication, which did not appear in our issue of yesterday, we repeat to-day with all the strength of a deeply offended soul, feeling sure that we interpret faithfully the sentiments of legitimate disgust and the just protest of the Catholics of every country."

Protests against the scandalous publication have already poured in to the Vatican by hundreds—from private individuals and public Associations all over the country. That was to be expected but was not necessary. The heart of every son goes out to the insulted Father. The Father knows that, even without the written word. Nor, beyond momentary and deep regret, will he be moved by this isolated piece of blasphemy. For it is an isolated fanatic writing: the Travaso's headline is 'the true Italian mind.' Moreover it is well within the bounds of possibility that Italian Catholics, and Italy, may gain, not suffer, by this ultimate, isolated insult. Servus Servorum Dei once again.

It would be easier—and far more pleasant—to bury the miserable incident in the oblivion it deserves. It is only because, if left undisturbed, the obvious outrage of it might give it an undue importance, that an effort is made here to estimate its real value. The Travaso is a weekly humorous satirical Roman paper, its humor and satire are unbridled. Ordinary matters they become vulgar, if by chance they touch on sacred things they become irreverent—or worse. To that extent it may be said to be "anti-clerical"; but not politically, for it has no politics. No one has been held up to ridicule so freely in its columns as the ex-Syndic Nathan. And, as was once said by a Judge in open court, when the Travaso was defending itself successfully in a libel action—"brought by a friend of Nathan's."

"No one takes it seriously." Yet it has the reputation of interpreting with some insight, in its satirical vulgar way, what people are saying and thinking in Italy on politics and the events of the day. Which makes the obvious/untruth about the "Italian mind" all the more amazing.

For the "poetry" itself, an Italian who has some knowledge of history and poetry has given us a "point" if not an explanation. He describes it as an anachronism—a throw back to an imitation in form and spirit of certain poetry, bad, bitter and directed openly against the Church and the Holy See, which flourished in the difficult and excited times after 1870. An anachronism he calls it because—and he is not a "Catholic" as the word is understood, restrictedly—the feeling of Italians then was so utterly different to the feeling of Italians to-day. The phrase about the "Italian mind" he describes as "lunacy." Italy, he says, just now, realises above all things the necessity of concord and values justly and fully the patriotic and loyal co-operation of organised Catholics to the end and the innumerable signs the Holy Father himself has given—in the appointment of the Chaplain General to the Forces, the spontaneous offer of ecclesiastical buildings for the wounded and in a hundred other

ways—that he is with his Catholics in this. He (our informant) says that the last thing the country desires is anticlericalism or anything else that may sow dissension. So he describes this particular blasphemous insult to His Holiness, as well as the attacks which have been appearing in the anticlerical press of late on priests, as "isolated instances of a stupid sectarian spirit."

No one can venture to say that "there is no anti-clericalism" while the Freemason organisation is alive—and it is alive though we are not hearing much of it just now. No one can venture to prophesy what the future may bring. But a well-known Catholic writer had just been congratulating himself and the Church that the series of attacks on priests had begun to die down. Whether they were organised or just "isolated instances" he did not know, but he concluded, it was becoming evident that the country had no need of them. Has the country any need of this last blasphemy? We turn to our Catholic papers and find the outraged protest, strong but dignified, which does us good to read. To our liberal papers, the great bulk of the ordinary Italian press, and we find—nothing. To our anticlerical papers for the cry of praise and triumph, for the echo of the "true Italian mind," and—yet again nothing. It would seem as if all Italy was ashamed of the Travaso.

AN UNQUALIFIED FALSEHOOD

Last week many daily papers published the following cable dispatch: London, July 12.—The American Archbishops of Cincinnati and Milwaukee and the Bishop of Toledo have appealed to Pope Benedict to use his influence to help America out of the war, the correspondent of the Evening Star reported to-day.

The Pope was quoted as recommending in reply that the American prelates rely on the wisdom of President Wilson, "whose peaceful intentions are well known."

The Pope also strongly urged loyalty to their adopted country on the part of German-Americans, the correspondent said.

"Now we have it from Archbishop Moeller himself," says the Catholic Telegraph of Cincinnati, "that there is not one word of truth in it, and a special despatch from Toledo to the Cincinnati Enquirer quotes Bishop Schrems as denouncing the publication as an 'unqualified falsehood, manufactured out of the air.'"

"Behind these repeated attempts to make it appear that the Pope and the hierarchy are favoring one side or the other in the European war is an evident desire to draw upon these Catholic officials and the Church they represent the enmity of those who might feel offended by the alleged partiality of the churchmen."

Archbishop Messmer has also made an absolute denial of the dispatch.

WISCONSIN SUPREME COURT AFFIRMS FINDING AGAINST BOGUS EX-NUN

Anna Lowry, who styles herself an "ex-nun" and who gives lectures defaming the Catholic Church, her priests and nuns, has lost her appeal to the Supreme Court of Minnesota to set aside a fine levied against her for using obscene language in a public address. The offense was committed in Winona, Minn., in March, 1914. A Catholic woman brought the suit in Winona. A lower court levied the fine and an appeal was made to the District Court. The District Court upheld the lower tribunal, then an appeal was taken to the highest court in the State, with the same result.

AN IRISHMAN AND CHIVALROUS SOLDIER EARNS BEAUTIFUL TRIBUTE

A writer in the Freeman's Journal, Dublin, Ireland, pays warm tribute to the piety of the late Captain Ballingham (brother of the Marchioness of Bate and son of Sir Henry Ballingham, Baronet of Castleballingham, Dundalk, County Louth, Ireland), who lately met his death in the fighting line in France. Captain Ballingham was one of the Irish pilgrims to Lourdes, and at his own request he was given charge of a blind man there, whom he was to lead about everywhere, to Mass in the morning, back to breakfast, then to the grove, then round the Station of the Cross, and so through the whole day's routine. The captain discharged his duty with the devoted fervour and tried on his return to Ireland to provide for his blind friend in a home in Dublin.

The tribute concludes: "And now he sleeps in the sunny land of France! Well, he was ready to go, for his soul was white and pure as a child's, and his heart ever burned with the love of the poor and the afflicted. Some will remember him as a companion in arms, some more sacred his; but for me his name shall ever recall one picture—that of a soldier of Our Lady, erect, before her shrine, holding a blind man by the hand."

CATHOLIC NOTES

George L. Duval, of New York, has given \$50,000 to erect a new building at the Mission of the Immaculate Virgin, Mount Loretto, N. Y.

The Rev. Francis Dooley, S. J., president of the University of Detroit, Mich., died July 7 in a hospital in New York, following an operation for cancer.

By the will of the late E. J. Byre of Dublin, the youngest son of M. J. Byre of Bays Wells, County Kilkenny, the Church in Ireland and abroad benefits considerably. The estate, valued at \$201,900, is divided amongst Catholic charities.

In recognition of the beneficial influence exerted by the Catholic newspapers, Cardinal Gibbons has designated the first Sunday of each month as Catholic Press Sunday, and has exhorted the clergy of his archdiocese to use their good offices in promoting the cause of Catholic journalism.

Governor Ralston of Indiana has appointed the Very Rev. Dr. John Cavanaugh, C. S. C., president of the University of Notre Dame, a member of the Indiana Historical Commission which is to arrange for a historical and educational celebration of the Indiana centennial in 1916.

The Gilbert Islands are ministered to by 23 priests, 14 Brothers and 18 Sisters. Since 1888 nearly 20,000 people have been baptized. The deaths of 4 priests from hardships and fever on the scattered islands are bearing fruit in the rapidly growing Catholic communities. The average conversions are about 300 a year.

Monsignor Bartolomei, Auxiliary Archbishop of Turin, who has been appointed by Pope Benedict chaplain-general of the Italian army, has just received an official rank equivalent to that of major general from the minister of war, with whom he is in thorough agreement in regard to carrying on religious work in the army.

Omar T. Hibben, a convert to the Church, a cousin of John Grier Hibben, president of Princeton University, and son of Rev. W. W. Hibben, who was a presiding elder of the Methodist Church, Lawrenceburg, Ind., died recently of heart trouble, at his late residence on Walnut Hills, Cincinnati, Ohio.

The remains of Reginald A. J. Warneford, the gallant lieutenant of the aviation corps, who received the V. C. for destroying a German Zeppelin, and who was killed in an accident to his aeroplane sometime last September, were buried recently in Brompton Catholic Cemetery, London, in presence of 50,000 spectators.

Rev. Paul Perigord of the St. Paul Seminary, who, as a French priest, was called to his country's defense last September, was stunned by the bursting of a shell during an engagement at a fortified hill. He is in the military hospital at St. Aubin Sur Mer, and will not be able to return to active service for a month or more. He has been promoted twice for valiant service.

A probably unique incident in connection with the consecration of Archbishop Roche for the See of St. John's, Newfoundland, early in the past month, was the presence, among the priests present on the occasion, of the one who married the Archbishop's parents and baptized the Archbishop himself at his birth. He is the Rev. Father Vaseker, who at that time was curate at Placentia and is now parish priest of Ferryland.

Rome reports that life goes on quietly in the Eternal City, despite the declaration of war. On a recent Sunday more than 10,000 persons marched from the Piazza of the People to the Quirinal to show that they were united in regard to the war. But they went back quietly to their usual occupations. Many English-speaking residents are still in Rome, but the student body has sought the summer retreats among the hills.

American book collectors are to replenish the famous old library at Louvain, Belgium, which was destroyed when the Germans captured the city. J. P. Morgan is reported to be at the head of the movement. The library collected by his father, and containing many rare books, will be drawn on for more than a hundred families. Many other American libraries and book collectors will join with Mr. Morgan in the work. They will contribute hundreds of volumes in order to restock the library.

It is planned by the Philadelphia centre of the Catholic Theatre movement, says the Sacred Heart Review, to issue to all Catholics a "white list" of all moving picture houses which do not show objectionable or immoral films. Catholics will be asked to patronize these houses and to shun those not on the list. Moving picture theatre owners will be asked to discontinue the showing of objectionable films so that their names may be added to the list. No attempt will be made to censor each particular film, but rather to discountenance houses which show any films that are suggestive in any way.

CARDOME

A ROMANCE OF KENTUCKY

By ANNA C. MINOGUE CHAPTER XI

"Wooden hands could do something after all." It was Mrs. Powell who spoke those words to Judge Todd on the night of the fête given to introduce her niece, and probably heiress, to the society she herself had forsaken.

Time had changed both since their last meeting. It has dealt more harshly with the woman, and as the Judge bowed before the black-clad figure, who extended no welcoming hand to her guest, he sought in vain for a resemblance of the child who had been his playmate and the girl who had been his friend. Their eyes met in silence, until they went out to the veranda to see the effect of the decorations of the grounds. It was like fairyland. Hundreds of Chinese lanterns were suspended from the trees and arched the drive; the great house, from attic to basement, was a blaze of light. On the chairs, dotting the lawn, and lining the long verandas, were the youth and beauty of the land. The murmur of their voices and laughter mingled pleasingly with the low, dreamlike music coming from the pavilion, which had been erected on the south side of the house. No expense or labor had been spared to make the occasion a notable one, and success attended the effort. The Judge had so expressed himself as he stood with the stern-featured mistress of the Park, and after a moment's silence, she had replied: "Wooden hands could do something, after all!"

His thoughts went back to things time had buried as it had their lost youth, and he unconsciously laid, sadly, slowly:

"Yes, they could!" And knowing he was not seeing what they had done to make beautiful the old place in honor of a stranger's coming to possess wealth to which neither had a right, she drew her thin lips into a hard line, but said nothing.

Then the Judge asked: "Will you never forgive him, Angie?" "Mrs. Powell, if you please, Judge Todd!" she said, in her rasping tones. "I paid well for my title!" "Pardon me," said the Judge. "But old times bear in on me so forcibly to-night. Seeing all these happy-hearted young people around—"

"He stopped abruptly, and she said: "These things are of a time that is not ours. That question you asked me once before," she continued, going back to his previous words, "and my answer then is the same now, and will be the same forever."

"Do not say forever," cautioned the Judge, solemnly. "Forever is God's word, not man's. This life of ours, important as it may seem in our eyes, is but an infinitesimal wave in the sea of eternity. Think of its daring to rebel against the current sweeping on to the throne of Omnipotent love and forgiveness!"

"The individual was always of too little account with you, John," she said, forgetting her decision of the moment previous to the privilege of addressing each other as friends from childhood belonged to the past. It was better to forget. "The spark of the eternal that animates this mortal, giving it life and power of action, will always remain an individual force. It will never lose its identity. The love or hate that sways it here will sway it forever, and its motive will be felt, just as that discordant note dropped by one of the musicians a while ago was heard above all the harmony."

"Love is good, hate is evil; can what is evil ever become an inseparable attribute of the soul which it is, we are taught to believe, a part of God? Bent to evil in its mortal sojourn though it may be, do you not think it will, when the mortal has released its hold, bound back, like a Damascus blade, to its straight stature of goodness? No, no, say not that you will hold out your hatred against him forever. You have dominion over your soul only to the close of life. Death hurls it back to God. He may punish or He may forgive it, that is left itself to evil; but think not that evil will continue to exist in what is then purely spiritual."

"The hard lines again formed around the mouth.

"There are subjects upon which we could never agree," she said. "I must leave you now, for I hear carriages coming. But to your words I say: If I thought my soul could ever meet his and experience none of this hate which has made me impervious to despair, which has sustained me under a life that otherwise had been hell itself; if I thought the pain that hate has inflicted on his soul would not be felt, remembered, forever, I would believe God more cruel, more unjust than man was. I would do as the wife of Job counselled, 'Curse God and die!'"

The Judge lifted his hand, his face whitening under the tender light flowing over them from one of the delicately shaded lamps.

"Mrs. Powell!" he cried, his hand falling to her arm.

She moved away from his touch and said, bitterly:

"Ah, I have asked you if it is not often people have the courage to exert their evil desires, though we hear their good ones, or affected good ones, proclaimed from the house-tops. What I am, I am, and make no attempt at concealment, though I have not many confidants."

Did I ever hold a secret from you? I had no secret, I have no sister. You amply filled their never-to-be-occupied place in my childish heart. As I grew older, you were my friend. I told you how I loved him. When he proved the traitor after what I had done for him, and my love turned to hate, I told you that that hate demanded revenge. I have had it, and it almost chased my loneliness.

"I would not have left you lonely. I wanted to continue your friend, but you would not let me," said the Judge, for there was the bitterness of reproach in her voice as she uttered the last words.

"You could not have been true to one without having been false to the other," she said. "I knew you loved him. I would not accept any sacrifice from my friends in the achieving of my revengeful desire, which they must naturally condemn; least of all—from you, the playmate of my childhood and the friend of my youth. My affections and memories are dead, except what I have kept for you. All these others, these men and women who come here to-night with their sons and daughters, are as strangers to me. Their faces, almost their names, are forgotten, swept away by the revolution my soul has known. You alone are as a friend, and I have given you the privilege of a friend."

"Then may I come again to see you?" he asked.

"You may not," she returned, moving away, leaving him standing by the veranda pillar, his eyes resting on the brilliantly lighted drive below.

Looking over the velvety, sloping lawn, with its great oaks and elms, there were old when they sheltered the last red-men from the hatred of the pale faced intruder, it did not seem so long since he and Angie Kertridge had played there as boy and girl, walked there as man and woman. His thoughts carried him on, until they brought him to an hour from the remembrance of which all his life he shrank; then he said, "Poor Angie!" and forgot the horror he had known as he had listened to her words.

A voice at his elbow roused him, and turning he saw Mrs. Dallas, leaning on the arm of her son.

"Ah, Judge," she said, sinking on one of the convenient chairs, and dismissing her son with a nod, "thinking of past times, were you, out here by yourself? I saw dear Mrs. Todd a minute ago. It is charming in her to assist here this evening."

"What else could you expect?" asked the Judge, the thought of his wife chasing away all his melancholy and making his tones glad.

"There was never another woman like her," said Mrs. Dallas, "I didn't want to come at all this evening, but Howard insisted. You know how like his poor father he is—will not take 'no' to a wish of his, but can say 'no' readily enough, and never waver after saying it, to anybody's else wish which does not coincide with his own pleasure."

"You must not come to me with fault-finding against Howard," said the Judge, smiling down on the face that still looked fresh and pretty in spite of its fifty years. "You know he is a favorite of mine."

"In this," she said, the mother-privilege touched, "that he is a favorite with everybody. Even Mrs. Powell, who sends down a 'not at home' to other callers, welcomes Howard's frequent visits—more frequent, to tell you a little secret, Judge, since the advent of the charming Miss Clarisse. Now, what do you think of the young lady, who, rumor says, is Mrs. Powell's heiress?"

"What you have just said to her, Mrs. Dallas—that she is charming!" said the Judge, who had scarcely given the girl a thought.

"One could never get an opinion from you, Judge, outside the courtroom," commented Mrs. Dallas.

"Is she not charming?" asked the Judge. "There she is now, going down the steps with my son Thomas. I repeat, is she not charming in that dress?"

"And the Powell jewels?" put in Mrs. Dallas, with the flicker of a laugh in her low tones.

"They become her," said the Judge instantly.

"That necklace of pearls she is wearing was a wedding gift to Walter Powell's mother from her husband," put in Mrs. Dallas, in a slow voice. "In the few lucid moments granted to him before he died, the old man asked that it should be given to his wife's only son."

for my friends and acquaintances," said the Judge. "If he prove worthy of them, I shall not have to reproach myself with the early unkind sentiments; if otherwise, he is a loser, not I. You would not have me to act less generously with a woman?"

"Ah, Judge?" she laughed, "a woman can blindfold a man's eyes throughout his life, if she so desires. You do not understand a woman as well as a woman does. We are something like mirrors reflecting each other," and again she laughed, softly. "Isn't that Clay Powell walking over there with Virginia?" she asked, motioning her fan toward a couple passing along the walk. "Howard tells me," she went on, without waiting for a reply to her question, "that he is a remarkable young man, one who will become a distinguished figure in political affairs. How close to truth do you think are my son's surmises?" and she turned and gazed attentively at the face before her.

"In the ordinary course of events he would prove no false prophet," said the Judge. "But Clay Powell has come on the scene at no ordinary time. As great occasions sometimes make small men reach up to greatness, so they may unmake those who are already great. These latter only see in the occasion something worthy of their genius and are not impressed by the undertaking; the former, beholding a task worthy of a hero, strain every nerve to perform it heroically; and the people, mistaking judging from the effort, and not from the ease of performance, award the victor's crown accordingly."

Young Powell is in the race for the Legislature, as I suppose you know. He has won his way to the front apparently without any strenuous labor. Chance or circumstance, a leap to the breach at the proper time makes half our public men, but not so with him. He has reached the head of the column simply because he belongs there, and under ordinary conditions he would remain there without difficulty, a leader of men. But the conditions that confront us are not ordinary. Each man may soon be called upon to make his choice between certain institutions of the country and abide by his choice thereafter. And Clay Powell will make the wrong choice," finished the Judge, sorrowfully. Mrs. Dallas knew the trend of Judge Todd's political views, but as the great question had not yet developed its most alarming features, she felt slight interest in it, and found discussion of it a bore.

"The Powells may always be depended upon to make their mark, whichever side they espouse," she replied; and gave the conversation a drift more in accordance with her gossip loving nature, by asking: "Were you not surprised, Judge, on finding Walter Powell's son invited to the Park?"

A feeling of loyalty to the woman who a little time before had spoken out her heart to him made him say, eagerly:

"What was there surprising in it? The young man was visiting in the neighborhood. Isn't it what one would expect from the lady who was his grandfather's wife, to ask him to spend a few days with her?"

Mrs. Dallas smiled. She knew Judge Todd's loyalty to all who were, or had ever been, his friends, was a proverb in the community.

"Do you know what I think?" she said, lowering her voice. "Like the rest of us, as we grow old and time shows us how vain and foolish are all things, our poor Angie has begun to repent. I think she would like to undo all the wrong she did, only she is too proud. She will not return by the road she came, but strikes out on a new line. She brings her penniless cousin here, gives out the impression that she intends making the young girl her heiress, and invites poor Walter's son to stay with them; she shows the young people together and trusts to the shape of Dan Cupid, youth and sweet June days, to do the rest. Miss Sears is charming, we have both agreed on that point. I am certain you will not gainsay me when I assert that Mr. Powell has all the magnetism of his father's personality, as he inherits his handsome features and noble bearing. What more natural than that her plan should succeed, and Mrs. Powell's heiress give back to the grandson of the Powell of Willow-wild the heritage of which his father was defrauded?"

As she spoke the last words her voice sank to a whisper. An hour before the Judge might have accepted this as the logical conclusion. But the memory of his recent conversation forbade the acceptance of that opinion. While such undying hate against the young man's father lived in her heart, he felt that the invitation had in it nothing of the good Mrs. Dallas ascribed. He smiled, however, and said:

"As you remarked a little while ago, women best understand each other. Some cynic has said that all women are matchmakers: first, for themselves and the man they love; afterward, for other women and other men. No, I am not agreeing, neither would I condemn. More good, lasting good, and happiness have been wrought by matchmakers than this world wots of."

"Yet who gives us any credit for it?" she laughed, "and who thanks us? Her eyes left the Judge's face, and his glance following them saw that they lingered on Virginia Castleton, whose hand was resting lightly on the arm of Clay Powell as they stood before a beautiful arrangement of lanterns which represented a great American flag."

Howard Dallas, who had given Mrs. Powell much assistance in making ready for the occasion, had disapproved of placing that emblem of her loyalty, to the North in such a conspicuous place, for the flag was so arranged as to greet the eyes when the sharp curve in the drive led out from the trees into full view of the house. Fully three fourths of the expected guests were firmly opposed to the political creed the national emblem was fast coming to represent, and the questionable taste displayed in thus flaunting it before them jarred on his artistic temperament. But his suggestion was dismissed with a few sharp words by Mrs. Powell, whereat Dallas shrugged his shoulders and proceeded to give the slaves the necessary directions. The majority of the guests entirely ignored the combination of colored lanterns, or raised a significant eyebrow in answer to a companion's quick smile; others, more hot-tempered, read there a gratuitous insult, and said some things not pleasant to hear about the mistress of the Park; while one irritable old gentleman deposited his wife and daughter on the great slow door-step, and sharply ordered his coachman to drive him home.

The rare smile crossed Clay Powell's face as, with Virginia, he left the house and caught sight of the illumined flag.

"This is surely proclaiming one's loyalty from the house-tops," was his comment.

"If we can not commend it for good taste, we must certainly admire it for its beauty," said Virginia. The effect was striking, and the gentle waving of the lanterns made a continuous ripple and break of colors. "Is it not sad," she added, after a moment's pause, "that those colors which, for our fathers, typified all that is most sacred in national life, have come to be a party emblem to inflame opposition, hatred, and distrust?"

"When the flag ceases to mean liberty, it symbolizes nothing holy to men who would be free," answered Powell. "It was evolved from the struggle made by men who held that liberty was their birthright; that when any existing form of government threatens to destroy that sacred heritage, the enforcement of that government is tyranny. This was the spirit that made the Stars and Stripes sacred, and this is the same spirit which will make it execrable, if the present course of the party that it would deprive us of every claim to it is followed longer."

His voice was low and earnest, and as he finished his eyes left the bars of color before him and rested with an unspoken question on his companion's face. The red light from one of the lanterns fell over his slightly bent head and touched his white brow like the fiery stamp of fate; then, sliding down to Virginia, lay across the breast of her white silk bodice like a long, slender sword of blood. It reflected partly on her face with weird effect, which, catching his eyes, made him break from his thoughts to say:

"She should have hung her flag higher."

"Why?" asked Virginia, finding the remark a strange conclusion for his thoughtful speech.

"See how low its reflection falls. We can not properly appreciate the effect of an illumination the light of fate is poured into our eyes."

"Neither can we criticize its defects," she said. "Far enough off, you might discern that some of the lanterns are slightly out of line."

"So you would have me to believe there is an extenuating circumstance in every mistake, Miss Castleton?" he asked.

"You will usually find one if you look close enough," said she.

"Even," asked a voice from behind, "in the hanging of a light so low as to mar the effect of one's toilet and destroy one's complexion?"

"Turning, they saw Howard Dallas. "Pardon me," he continued, after an exchange of greetings, "on the exchange of a compliment, but my companion was overtaken by a friend who held us both, and so near we were to you I could not but catch your words."

"To answer your question, Mr. Dallas," said Virginia, smiling, "the only occasion when there are no palliating circumstances, according to a woman's views, is when her friends make the mistake of telling her that any light mars her toilet or destroys her complexion. It is as trying on her Christian patience as it is for some one to tell a gentleman there is a doubt abroad as to his right to that honorable title."

"Nothing was further from the thoughts of Virginia than a personal application of her similitude, but conscience has an uncomfortable way of holding up words, however heedlessly uttered, as a mirror for our past actions, and Howard Dallas felt a sudden warmth run along his veins."

"We had imagined Miss Castleton superior to the fallings of ordinary ladies," he said.

"You do not call it a falling in a man that he is sensitive on a point of honor?" said she.

"But there is a long call from the honor of a man to the vanity of a woman," he replied. "You should argue from likes. But coming from things general to things particular, may I ask if you have forgotten that we are to have dancing this evening? The grand quadrille is now forming. May I have the honor of dancing it with you, if you are not already engaged?"

There was a tone in his voice that nettled Clay Powell; while a certain arrogance of face and manner, but partially concealed under the easy, indolent air, struck against his reserved, proud nature with disagree-

ble sharpness, unconsciously forcing him into an attitude of resistance.

"We had not noticed the lapse of time," he said, answering before Virginia. Then turning toward her, he asked, "Is not the honor of dancing this quadrille mine?"

Nothing would have been easier than for her to give assent to this implied engagement, and the pleasure of having him for a partner above the other she would not have denied; but Virginia Castleton could not make other than the reply she did when she said:

"Mr. Dallas asked for the dance first."

Young Powell caught and understood the expression in her eyes, and said, instantly:

"I am truly unfortunate in having forgotten, in the pleasure of your conversation, that our hostess had provided this amusement for the evening. But if you will permit me?" and he took the program and wrote down his name for half the remaining dances, Virginia making not the slightest demur.

Dallas bit his lips, and when he found himself alone with her he asked: "Was that quite fair, Miss Castleton?"

"Was what fair?" she questioned. "Giving all your dances to Mr. Clay Powell?" and he dragged out the name with something like scorn in his voice.

"I think you will admit it is my privilege to give my dances to whom I wish," she replied, coolly. "But I did not give them all to Mr. Powell."

"May I claim those he left?" he asked, suddenly.

"You are not the only gentleman of my acquaintance here to-night," she replied, in light tones, turning to greet a group of young men approaching.

"Miss Castleton," he said, as they left the pavilion at the conclusion of the dance, "there is a subject upon which I wish especially to speak to you to-night. Will you come with me, for a little while, to Miss Sears's nook by the morning-glory trellis?"

"She could not have said why she should instantly come to the conclusion that the subject was a declaration of his love and a proposal of marriage; but accepting it as a certainty, she replied:

"It is too chilly after dancing. Moreover, Miss Sears may object to intruders in her favorite spot, or she may be occupying it herself."

"Will you, then, come with me to the library?" he asked.

"We would not find standing room there. But can not your subject wait until some other time?" she finished, with faintly concealed annoyance.

"Certainly," he replied. "I hope you know my sentiments sufficiently well to feel assured," he added, "that there is nothing on earth I deem of such importance as your good pleasure, and, bowing, he left her side as Clay Powell approached."

TO BE CONTINUED

THE AWAKENING OF MADELINE O'LEARY

The people about Slieveboy were both shocked and amazed when they heard of Denis O'Leary's marriage to a Protestant Master Denis, such a good Catholic himself with never one of the family but that same—and then to choose a wife of an alien faith!

When with the outbreak of war Madeline O'Leary came for the first time to her husband's Irish home the amazement to a great extent died away, though the shockiness still remained. For no one who saw the girl—she was only twenty—could deny her winning charm, and in many a cottage by the western sea prayers rose to heaven for her conversion. Perhaps in taking her to Slieveboy for those last days before his sailing orders came, and in asking her to stay at least for a time in his old home, Denis O'Leary had had some thought of gaining these prayers, whilst at the same time placing his wife in an atmosphere of faith and Catholicity.

Like so many others, he had not the slightest idea, before he married, of the void their difference in religion would leave in his life. Had he cared less deeply for his faith he would likewise have felt the want less deeply, but now that war was declared, and his ship was one of the first to go, his wishes for his wife were more for her sake than for his own. If it were not for him to come back, where could she, ignorant of all religion, look for comfort? The few months of their married life—except for this one cloud on his horizon—had been a time of unmitigated happiness, and though she had friends galore across the water, Madeline O'Leary was glad to spend some quiet weeks of early autumn in the peace and glorious loveliness of her husband's Connemara home, hearing of his boyhood visits to the places he had known and the fisher folk who had loved him.

With the breaking of the weather she was to return to England; but meanwhile came bad news from the North Sea, and though as yet her husband's ship was safe Madeline was unhappy and afraid.

It was upon the eve of her departure that, passing the little Celtic church upon the shore and seeing its doors standing invitingly open, she had crossed the threshold, seeking she knew not what. The building, it seemed to her, was empty, yet to her surprise a red lamp hung before the altar lighting the gloom. Only once before had she been in a Catholic Church, and that was on her wedding day, now nearly a year ago. The feeling of peace that came over her

as she sat looking up through the gathering twilight at the twinkling red light was something far beyond her understanding.

Religion had had so little place in her life, but lately she had learned that it was religion which had made bearable the hardships of her neighbors at Slieveboy, and this new knowledge set her wondering.

As the darkness deepened the rays of the red lamp seemed to give more light, and as the soft thud of bare feet on the boards beside her made Madeline aware that she was no longer alone, the glimmer showed her the face of the newcomer.

Only that afternoon Madeline had had a talk with Mrs. Fyvie. They were a most dissimilar couple, one young, one old, one rich—or, at least comparatively so—the other so poor that only a Connemara peasant could have kept body and soul together on the infinitesimal pittances that was hers. Yet the bond between them was a strong one, for each had a sailor belonging to her away in the North Sea. Fifteen children of her own, seven step sons, and a wife, adopted for the love of God, these had been Fyvie's family. "An never whilst myself an' mine had the work in us did one of them all go to bed without their supper." Yet now she was alone. Fever and the sea, so she told Madeline, had taken a good few. Some had died in infancy. These were daughters married in America, but the sailor lad, the youngest, wildest of the lot, was all she had remaining.

All this, learned in her afternoon's talk, Madeline O'Leary turned over in her mind, as now she watched Mrs. Fyvie at her prayers. A straight, white figure, shadowy in the gloom, was visible on a little altar where the woman knelt. Madeline was too ignorant to give the statute her title of Our Lady of Lourdes, but she knew it to be a representation of the Virgin and for a moment she thought how sad it was to see such heartfelt prayers being wasted upon a plaster image. Then, with a start of surprise, she heard her companion's muttered words and noted how tender and motherly were the graven features.

"Mother of God," Mrs. Fyvie prayed, "your own Son was taken from you an' you couldn't get for to save Him. Maybe you couldn't get to save mine for me, but you can ask God Almighty what He wouldn't heed from the likes of me, an' that is never let me poor boy pass from this world without the assistance of His clergy." Then came repeated over and over again, "Hail Mary," and the petition to the Mother of God to pray for us "now and at the hour of our death."

Before Mrs. Fyvie's rosary was said Madeline O'Leary knew by heart her first Catholic prayer—the Hail Mary. Outside the church she spoke again to the old woman whose life story she had heard that afternoon.

"When you're praying for your son to come home safe, Mrs. Fyvie," she said, timid at making such a request, "you'll—you'll pray, won't you, for Master Denis?" For thus she knew did the people still designate her husband.

"Mornin' an' night, an' every minute do I pray for the two of them, daughter," came the reply. "I pray that God may guide them, an' bring them home safe, at that's His will. But for my Johnnie I have another prayer, that Master Denis doesn't need, thanks be to God! Didn't see himself the morning, an' he goin' with the priest at the altar-rails?" Slieveboy church boasted of no confessional beyond a chair for the priest in the sanctuary, while the penitents took their turn beside him at the altar rails—"an' after," concluded Mrs. Fyvie, "I see him receive in his God."

Madeline had seen the chair, and some half-understood words of her husband's came back to her, as with a quick question she turned to her informant: "Do you mean—that stammered—" do you mean—that—that he confessed?"

"What else, daughter? An' if it's in danger he is, hasn't he God's blessing upon him, an' his conscience clean of sin?"

Like a flash came a picture to the girl's mind, called into being by her companion's words. The church filling on a Sunday morning, men and women, bairns clad, praying. The priest in the wooden-backed chair, and Denis, kneeling before them all to get forgiveness of God, in the way he had been taught was right, through the medium of God's ministers! With a glow of pride that the man who had done this thing was hers and overwhelming wonder at the faith that made it possible, Madeline turned her mind to Mrs. Fyvie's further words.

"But Johnnie," her voice sank away to a sigh, "there's no badness in him, but he's wild an' careless like. He didn't come back to me before he went out to fight the Germans, an' without the Mother of God will see 't' I fear maybe he'll not have got 't' go to the priest. I wish to God I had him back an' safe this minute, but I wouldn't ask for him only what's God's holy will. But the other—daughter, it's he were prayin' if it wasn't that me whole dependence is in the prayers the Queen of Heaven is offerin' this minute for Johnnie."

With only a further word or two they parted, the sailor's mother to continue in her home her prayers to Mary for her son, the officer's wife to wonder and think, for the old woman's words, the thought of her husband's last confession, and the knowledge that, lonely and poor as she was without him, Mrs. Fyvie prayed the most, not for the safe return of her son, but that he should not die, away

there, unshriven—these things gave to Madeline O'Leary her first glimmering idea of spirituality.

The philanthropy that filled the days and weeks of Madeline O'Leary's life in London after her departure from Ireland put the thoughts of Catholicity and of spirituality that had begun to dawn upon her into the background. So far she had had nothing but good news of her husband and neither had the name of John Fyvie appeared in any casualty list; the need for prayer, which at Slieveboy had begun to make itself apparent to her, became less insistent though she did not forget the old woman who had begun her awakening.

The branch of work she had undertaken was naturally for the fleet, and it was as sailor's friend to a district which had supplied a dozen at least of Fyvies to the navy that the second process in her awakening came to her through her first conversation with a Catholic priest. He was an elderly man, very businesslike and to the point, and what he sought from the Soldiers' and Sailors' association was help to locate the home of one John Fyvie—help that no one was better able to give than Madeline O'Leary, for it was apparent to her almost at once that it was the son of her old friend at Slieveboy who was wanted.

"The widow Fyvie, Slieveboy, Bally-divnagh Connemara. Yes, yes, that will be it, and many thanks to you and your excellent association." The priest was turning to go, when a question from Madeline, timidly put—for she was fearful still of a "Roman" priest—detained him.

"I hope you have no bad news for her?" she asked. "He is the only son who is left to her."

"You know her then?" said the priest. "You're not going back to Ireland soon, I suppose? No? Ah, that's a pity. You could have told her better than a letter will."

"Then it is bad news?" questioned Madeline anxiously.

"On the contrary, it is good news," replied the priest, "the best of news. You are not a Catholic, I presume?" he added abruptly.

"No," replied Madeline, "but— but I understand a little—and Mrs. Fyvie told me what her prayers for Johnnie were."

"And they were?" asked the priest.

"The color rose in Madeline's cheeks. She was not used to mentioning such things as prayers and souls.

"She prays for his safety, of course," she said, "if it is God's will—and— for him to go to his confession—she broke off, and something in her face made the priest decide to tell the story he yet had to write to Johnnie's mother."

"Then I was right," he said in a tone of voice that Madeline thought to herself was "understanding." "It is the best of good news I have for her," and a smile came over his face. "He has been to confession." He glanced around the room, temporarily in use as an office. "I should like to tell you about it," he said, "if you can spare the time, for a letter may not mean so much to the old lady as what you could tell her, next time you are in Ireland."

"I should like to hear," replied Madeline, eagerly forgetting her first feeling of fear and drawing forward a chair for the priest.

"It was just after the war was declared," he began, "when, traveling north, I found myself alone in a railway carriage with a young sailor, who after looking with some distrust at this, he laid his hand upon his Roman collar, and at my black coat, decided that his need for a light was greater than his distaste for my cloth, so he asked me for a match. The supply of his request, supplemented by an offer on my part of cigars, started our conversation. I soon learned that he was journeying to Hull, where he was under orders to go out the following morning mine-laying in the North Sea."

"An' I'll never come back no more," he concluded. "That is as God willa." He paused. "I can preserve you from danger, even from this great danger you are going into." "He can, maybe," replied the lad decidedly. "But this time He won't. I'll never come back no more." Then with a sudden return of distrust, "Do you know the Reverend Mr. Horrocks in Hull?"

"I said the honor was not mine, adding that I was not a minister but a Catholic priest. This silenced the boy for a minute, and he turned quickly to the window, and drew in his breath. Such a development was clearly unexpected, as unexpected to him as was his next remark to me.

I saw him hold the medal in his hand, and for a while there was silence, whilst I, at least, was praying. Then once again I tried persuasion, and this time not without effect. The Mother of God had prayed for the lad to her Son, and the softness of his heart was the answer. He was fearful still, but he did not say to me nay. Upon reaching Hull he followed where I led, and together we reached the presbytery by the Catholic Church. At the door John Fyvie's fears returned and he could only be induced to wait for the priest, who was out, by a note from me—I was already overdue elsewhere—in which I begged for leniency for one who had long been absent from the Sacraments and who was bound for the North Sea mines. I left him with this note in one hand, and furtively through the door, I could see my medal was clonched in the other. Then I knew he was all right. I had his promise, and the Mother of God would get for him the strength to keep it. As we parted, I told him I would remember him in my Mass each day at 7 o'clock—and I, too, kept my word.

Just lately, on my return through Hull, I met the priest to whom my note had been delivered, and I learned for certain that once again Our Lady, the Refuge of Sinners, had as John himself would say, "brought another craft safe into port," or, in other words, "and again the priest smiled at his listener." I learned that he had been to his confession.

A sudden impulse made Madeline detail him yet a moment. "I will tell Mrs. Fyvie everything when I see her," she said. "And I will write to her as well. Thank you so much for telling me—and—and will you pray for me, too."

For a moment the priest thought of the medal which had replaced that which the sailor boy now wore, but deciding that the moment for offering such a gift to Madeline O'Leary had not yet come, he left her with a prayer to the Help of Christians on his lips, having secured from her the promise of a visit as soon as she heard from Mrs. Fyvie.

That night the letters were carried across England and in due time they were delivered at the cottage in Slieveboy. Later in the same day came a brown official envelope with further news—official news—of the widow's sailor son.

And after another span of hours Madeline O'Leary, spelling the casualty list of mingled victory and disaster to our fleet, came upon one name she sought: Fyvie, J.—A. B. O O O

Heavily, with blinded eyes, she turned towards her letters, and one of them bore the Slieveboy mark. It was written in a labored, childish hand, but the words were Mrs. Fyvie's own.

"God's will be done, daughter dear, for Him to leave me stript. But didn't he send the good news first of all, and may His holy will be done." She read no more. She could not see the paper in her hands, but in her mind a great light broke. The faith and trust of Mrs. Fyvie had completed her awakening, and the visit duly paid to the priest who had told the news of John Fyvie's last confession was not only to tell of the widow's letter, but also to ask for herself instruction in the Catholic faith.—Alice Dease, Rosary Magazine.

GENERAL INTENTION FOR AUGUST

RECOMMENDED AND BLESSED BY HIS HOLINESS POPE BENEDICT XV.

THE RETURN OF PROTESTANTS TO CATHOLICISM

It is a sad truth, clearly established by even a cursory glance at history, that the greatest enemies of the Church, whether we consider their energy and activity or the last- ingness of their misguiding labors, have been those whom she had nursed and cradled. So patent is this regret for the fact, that if there had been no bad Catholics, there would now be no Protestants.

We may go much further back in the history of the Church to the time when the present schismatical bodies, represented in Europe, Asia, and Africa, by remnants of once important religious communities in communion with the Holy See, knew no self-dependent existence, but were linked with Rome in the bonds of a charity founded on the same faith and vivified by the union of all under the pastoral staff of the great shepherd, the Vicar of Christ.

But bad Catholics arose. Some were powerful through their own personality; others were powerful through political backing; others, finally, were powerful through a fortuitous combination of the circumstances of time and place and local dealings. All made a bad use of that power which might have been turned into channels for the exaltation of the Church, for the good of souls, and for the spreading of the Kingdom of God on earth. Those misguided men, Nestorius, Eutyches, Photius, and others, who laid unholy hands on the seamless robe of Catholic unity, played their parts, basked in the glare of a fleeting glory, and then passed on out of the daylight of life into the darkness of the tomb. But their works remained. Not endowed, it is true, with the energetic, life-giving vitality that betokens a healthy and vigorous organism, they still survive, as a man survives, though his limbs are palsied, through his blood creeps sluggishly through

his veins, though his eye is dim, though his perceptions are hazy and vaguely defined.

It is no new venture, then, when certain powerful and ambitious Catholics in the sixteenth century decided to make over, according to their personal views, the work which our Divine Lord had raised on Peter, a work which had been vitalized by the direct personal action of the Holy Ghost. It was a bold undertaking, but it was not new in the life of the Church.

The success of those men was so sudden, so dazzling, so great, that some timorous Catholics actually wavered in the faith and had misgivings about the Divine promises of the perpetuity of the Church. Poor, devoted souls! God has said that the Church shall survive all perils. His word cannot fail. But there is no Divine promise of any certain degree of fervor, constancy, and missionary spirit at any particular time among the faithful in general; for those qualities depend upon the free cooperation of individual Catholics with the grace that God places at their disposal but does not force upon them against their will.

If the progress of Protestantism was rapid and startling, the suddenness with which that progress came to a halt seemed no less than amazing. To the thinker of the twentieth century, however, who can look back reflectively over the past four hundred years, there is nothing wonderful in the meteoric rise of Protestantism, as their is nothing wonderful in the way in which it soon spent its energy as a conquering force.

Though the Church is a spiritual society, her work is with human beings in whom evil tendencies are always struggling for the mastery. A saint is recognized as a saint simply because he curbs those tendencies and brings them under the control of grace; a sinner on the other hand, gives a free rein to those same tendencies and becomes more or less hardened and set in his evil ways. Thirst for power is an evil tendency; greed for our neighbor's goods is another; so is restless striving for unrestrained freedom of action. There are in man other tendencies which lure him to forget the dignity of his immortal soul and to live as a beast with beasts.

What could be more trying to a proud or vainglorious monarch than the thought that some old man far away in Rome had excoriated the ruler to the point of admonition, not as an equal might remonstrate with an equal, but as a father admonishes his son? If that monarch were of extravagant habits, how he would hanker after the treasures of church and shrine and venerable abbey, treasures slowly heaped up during long years, thanks to the pious charity of the faithful! Those treasures had been preserved and guarded and prudently administered by men who knew that they were but stewards of the great Householder.

If a powerful man resolves to exert his might in a high-handed fashion, he will always find other men to applaud his determination and to assist him in his design. These men may be distinguished nobodies, without fame or social standing or respectable family connections, who hope to rise from the mire of obscurity by the favor of him whom they serve. As a consequence of their nefarious co-operation, their hands may "drip with the fat of sacrifice," it is true, but if they rise to the petty greatness at which they have been gazing, they hide those sin-stained hands from sight and fiercely aver that they are clean.

Another and a most important element which facilitated the religious upheaval that attended the rise of Protestantism is to be seen in the Black Death, a plague which ravaged the greater part of Europe in the fourteenth century. The clergy and the religious having suffered enormous losses, the bishops were forced to promote young and inexperienced clerics with little priestly formation to important offices in the Church, where their fewness and incapacity resulted in a generation of poorly instructed Catholics. This evil, if it was an evil, might have righted itself in time, had the state of public affairs remained in other respects normal, but the horrors of a long and exhausting war added considerably to the general demoralization. Even with this increase in the burden of the ministers of the altar, the public conscience might have been rescued from impending woe if religion had been supported by an earnest and enlightened body of men engaged in administering the affairs of state. But just the opposite took place; for, coupled with a defective knowledge of religious truth among many of the faithful, there appeared the ambition, the headstrongness, the greed, and the lust of this or that potentate, who would be a law unto himself, and therefore framed a code of religion and morals to suit his own caprice.

With these facts before us, we are guilty of no exaggeration when we say that undoubtedly many of our brethren in the sixteenth century did not really reject the faith; nor is it an exaggeration to affirm, as we do affirm, that they were robbed of their faith. They were as much the victims of physical violence as is the traveler who is robbed by the masked highwayman. Their children's children did not know the faith, for only a distorted caricature was held up before them as the genuine faith "once delivered to the saints."

But the faith in which the ancestors of those children had lived and served God did not perish. It still exists, according to the Divine

promise, and it remains, as it has been from the foundation of the Church, the unfailing source of spiritual life and activity.

We see on the other hand, to what sore straits Protestantism has been reduced after less than four centuries of existence. As soft sandstone yields to the action of alternate heat and frost, and shows creases and furrow and channel, so Protestantism, left without Divine protection to the mercies of the human elements that created and fashioned it, has succumbed little by little to spiritual disintegration until it is now a sort of religious corpse galvanized into movements that seem to be the actions of a being endowed with life. When it went forth from the one fold and the one shepherd, Protestantism carried as its luggage a considerable store of religious and moral truth, but as time passed by, daring men laid violent hands upon that store, so that it is now sadly diminished. The way of doubt, uncertainty, and anxious questioning has replaced what was once faith in mind and heart. So fatal is it to search infallibly without an infallible light to point the way! But the soul is naturally Christian. There is hidden away in it, perhaps in some obscure corner, a lingering recognition of its dependence upon God in faith, hope, and charity. That smoldering ember may yet glow with all a seraph's ardor if only by apostolic zeal it be sought out and fanned into flame.

The problem of Church unity, when it regards nations differing in speech, temperament, ideals, government, and traditions, is so difficult that only a Divine Lawgiver can establish and maintain it. The case might seem otherwise, however, if there were question of only one country having a common language and history; yet we see that even here though the matter is almost as simple as man can make it, anything like oneness of belief and practice is as visionary as the dream of an opium-smoker. As English is commonly spoken and understood, the words "high," "low" and "broad," for example, are not precisely synonymous; but as they are applied to different sections of religious thinkers belonging to the same State Church, they connote a divergence of religious thought so wide that only the most elastic bands can embrace all three. This, however, does not constitute oneness of faith, even though there be a certain oneness of organization; for, if such were the case, we might with equal plausibility maintain that the present combination between Austria, Germany, and Turkey constitutes a religious oneness. The Holy Trinity and the Sacrifice of the Mass are not local and trifling disciplinary questions to anyone that is interested in religion.

When, therefore, we observe that in certain churches of a religious organization, the Mass is offered as a sacrifice and that in other churches of the same religious organization that same service called "Mass" is denounced as superstition and downright idolatry, we cannot see any unity of worship in that organization. If the Mass is an adorable Sacrifice, it is not idolatry; if it is idolatry, it is not an adorable Sacrifice.

Small wonder, then, that at sight of such substantial differences of opinion on vital religious questions within the uncertain limits of the same ecclesiastical organization, serious and thinking people are inclined to withdraw from all common effort to serve God, and to do what they can as private individuals towards saving their souls and honoring God's majesty. "Others, we fear, and their number may not be small, may have conceived a disregard, if not a contempt, for religion, when they have seen it treated as if it were a game of battledore and shuttlecock. The result would be indifference to religion, which would dry up the well-springs of piety and render the heart callous to the promptings of grace.

O, if they would but turn their eyes towards the centre of religious truth where their forefathers gathered and followed unity of faith! We see no hope for a return to the one Fold in anything like a body, for we are not acquainted with any Protestant denomination in which unity of religious opinion and persuasion prevails. Hence, we are invited and exhorted to pray for the return of Protestants to Catholicism; since Catholicism represents something clearly defined, discoverable, knowable, while Protestantism is "one" only in protesting, without any common ground for the hundreds of conflicting sects that go under that general name.

"The hungry sheep look up and are not fed." This vividly portrays the spiritual state of many good people who, from education and environment more than from bad will, are estranged from their true Mother, the Church. Here, as in other matters as well, the long way is by pre-

cept, the short way is by example. If there had been no bad Catholics there would now be no Protestants; if we Catholics now had a proper appreciation of our faith, the number of Protestants would diminish, quickly, for the earnest, the well-meaning, the sincere Protestants would feel impelled to examine the claim of the Church to this respect and allegiance. It is not the fault of the Church, it is true, that there are scandalous, careless Catholics, for she is ever reminding them of their duty to God and to their conscience; but while the inquiring non-Catholic sees the indifference of Catholics to their Church and to the voices of their pastors, he does not hear and does not know the efforts that the Church is always putting forth to recall her wayward children to their duty. "The enemies of a man are those of his own household."

For those fascinating souls that are constrained to live on spiritual crusts through lack of a place at the great banquet of God, we ought specially to pray, that they may know and enjoy what we know and enjoy, namely, the fullness of the Catholic faith and the helps and consolations that it brings to him who knows it, reverses it, and strives to put its holy precepts into practice.

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LONDON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 7, 1915

WEY ANGLICANS KEEP COMING TO ROME

What is happening to the Church of England? It is a question that is asked in perplexity by many Anglicans to day. The unceasing stream of conversions among Anglican clergy to the Catholic Church, the conversions in society, the conversions among professional men and among practically all classes of the community; the developments of ritualism, the declaration of many Anglican clergymen, still in the Anglican Church, that they are not Anglicans but "Catholics"; the open rejection of the title Protestant by the sons of those who were not ashamed to bear the name—all these are startling phenomena for the elderly Englishman of to day. Wherever he turns, the influence of Rome seems near. In many of the churches where a quarter of a century ago plain services were held, there are now elaborate imitations of the Mass, with candles and incense and genuflections. The sermons are not what they were. In churches of the "Anglo-Catholic" school, for the most part, they are built on Roman Catholic models. Our elderly English friend learns with astonishment from the new generation of preachers that not merely is he a member of the Catholic Church but that the Church to which he belongs is really one in doctrine with the Church of Rome, though how this statement can be reconciled with the anti-Roman doctrines of the Thirty-nine Articles he can hardly understand. Before many months have passed our elderly English friend probably hears that the preacher has made his submission to the Catholic Church. To add to his amazement, the newspapers show him that such conversions are becoming quite frequent. What is the matter with the English Church? asks the bewildered veteran. We will endeavor to show him.

First in the chain of causes which lead to the Catholic Church is England's possession of those great universities—Oxford and Cambridge. In both these universities the study of logic has been retained. Plato and Aristotle form part of the classical course, and by both of these sages there is fostered the spirit of enquiry, on logical lines, among those, at any rate, of enterprising type. The libraries in these universities are a liberal source of light. The young undergraduate, studying at Oxford or Cambridge, finds in these libraries, if he be of studious bent, a copious store of patristic literature. In the cloistered quiet of the long vacation, the theological student at Trinity, or St. John's, or some other hall of learning makes, like John Henry Newman, his first acquaintance with the Apostolic Fathers. He learns to his surprise that the Fathers always spoke of the Eucharist as a sacrifice, that Justin Martyr, for example, declared that the Eucharist was the sacrifice foretold by the prophet Malachias. The doctrine of transubstantiation for the first time gleams upon him, as he reads St. Irenaeus' declaration that the bread and wine in the Eucharist become the Body and Blood of Our Blessed Lord by consecration. The evidence of St. Cyril, St. Chrysostom, St. Basil, St. Gregory of Nyssa, St. Augustine, shows him that the Catholic doctrine of the Mass was taught in the first ages of Christianity.

"How is it this doctrine of the Mass which the early Fathers preached is not preached everywhere in the English Church to-day?" the Anglican theological student asks himself as he thinks of the Low Church denial that the Eucharist is a real sacrifice in the proper sense of the term. He has lately been visiting some of the

advanced High Churches in the neighborhood and has heard it boldly stated in their pulpits that the Mass is a sacrifice, and propitiatory on behalf of the living and the dead. At the time he heard it, he may have thought it had a somewhat medieval sound, but he finds from the Fathers that the Church of their day believed in this sacrifice, and in its propitiatory power to benefit both the living and the dead.

The Anglican student's next step will probably be to go to service at a Roman Catholic church. He is impressed by the solemn ritual, by the general air of quiet devotion, by the clear presentation of doctrines in the pulpit and the absence of "doctrinal diplomacy." That the Roman Church is the one true fold of Christ does not occur to him. He never dreams that the English Church is in the wrong or that she lacks anything essential to spiritual development. He regards the Anglican Church as something that admits of improvement, and in this work of improvement he resolves to take part.

And then the theological student enters the ministry of the Anglican Church. He belongs to the advanced school, with pronouncedly Roman sympathies. He joins the English Church union and the confraternity of the Blessed Sacrament. He has "Daily Communion," and prays for the dead. He is attracted by the devotion of Catholics to the Holy Mother of God. He thinks it would be a good thing to introduce the devotion of the Rosary and to have an evening service of "Benediction." He proposes it to his bishop, but is met with a refusal, and on his enquiring the reason is told that such services must be forbidden because they are based on distinctly Roman Catholic doctrines. So he finds that the theory of the Anglican Church as doctrinally one with the Roman Catholic Church, from which she is merely parted organically by transient exigencies, is not that of his diocese. He finds that his theory of an "Anglo-Catholic Church," a branch of the great Catholic Church, is merely a paper theory, which has no organic existence, but is merely an idea. Where then he asks, is the Catholic Church to be found, that living voice, which actually represents our Lord? There is the Kikyuu controversy, he sees, as a present proof of the helplessness of the Anglican Church to define any doctrine whatsoever, in default of an infallible central authority. Yet an infallible authority is essential to the existence of the Catholic Church, for only an infallible Church can properly represent an infallible Lord.

Where then is this central infallible authority? asks the coming convert. Who can answer so clearly as our Lord Himself? What He says on the character of His Church is found in the gospel of St. Matthew, chapter 16, verses 18 and 19.

"And I say to thee; that thou art Peter and upon this rock I will build My Church and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it. And I will give to thee the keys of the kingdom of heaven. And whatsoever thou shalt bind upon earth shall be bound in heaven, and whatsoever thou shalt loose on earth it shall be loosed in heaven."

THE REASON OF THE ROSARY IN THE CATHOLIC CHURCH

Among the devotions of the Catholic Church that perplex a non-Catholic is the rosary. The beads, so familiar and full of pious association to a Catholic, to a non-Catholic are usually a stumbling-block. Why should grown up people carry beads? he asks, and why should the "Hail Mary" be repeated ten times, in five different decades, separated by a "Gloria be to the Father," and the Lord's Prayer? "What is the meaning of this strange service?" asks the non-Catholic. So we will relate the history of the Rosary. The first traces of the use of beads for pious purposes are as early as

ancient Nineveh and are recorded among the solitaries of Egypt, who lived in the first centuries of Christianity. There are one hundred and fifty psalms in the psalter, and these were at one time recited by the monks daily. Those of them who did not say the one hundred and fifty psalms, said as many Our Fathers, and made use of little pebbles or beads to count the number of prayers. Eventually, these beads were attached to a string, and thus arose the present form of the Rosary. The present manner of saying the Rosary, however, arose in the thirteenth century, and, says tradition, was communicated to St. Dominic, founder of the Dominican order, by the Blessed Virgin Mary.

The devotion of the Rosary was first of all intended to stem a dangerous movement against the Church of Christ. Each century has seen some attack upon the Catholic Church. Each attack has been repelled by the divinely guided Church. Agnosticism, Arianism, Nestorianism, Eutychianism, and other systems of error have arisen and passed into obscurity or protean impotence before the light of God's truth. In the thirteenth century the Albigenses denied the most vital articles of the Catholic faith. "With the Church they waged a war of life and death," writes Birkhauser, in his "History of the Church." Like highway robbers, they overran and pillaged the country, massacred the Catholic inhabitants, plundered and burnt the churches and monasteries and trampled under foot the Holy Eucharist. And then God sent St. Dominic, who labored to convert the Albigenses for ten years with untiring zeal. He preached to them, he prayed for them, and did penance for them, but with little effect at first. Finally, as he was praying one day with especial fervor, the Blessed Virgin Mary appeared to him in the forest of Bouconne. In dazzling brightness, with a rosary in her hand, she approached the saint and said: "Be of good courage, Dominic. The fruit of your labors will be abundant. You know how much the salvation of mankind has cost my Son. The redemption of the world was begun by the salutation of the angel, completed by the bitter passion and death of my divine Son, established and secured by His glorious Resurrection. The remedy, then, of all these evils, shall be meditation on the mysteries of the life, death and glory of my Son, uniting thereto the angelic salutation, by which the great mystery of the Redemption was announced to the world." She then explained to St. Dominic the benefits of the devotion of the Rosary. "Those who practised this devotion," she said, "would enjoy her special protection and aid in all their wants."

In the Cathedral of Toulouse, St. Dominic subsequently said the beads, says tradition, with an effect worth relating. "Scarcely had he begun to pray," says Michael Muller, in his work on the Rosary, "when the Albigenses cried out: 'What! are we then little children that he wishes to teach us our prayers?' and they immediately rushed out of the church. No sooner, however, had they left the church than there arose a terrific storm of rain and hail. The vivid flashes of lightning and the deafening peals of thunder struck such a terror into the hearts of the Albigenses that they fell back trembling to the church, where they fell on their knees and joined in prayer with the saint. They prayed, too, with a fervor they had never felt before, with the result that thousands were converted on the spot. This was the first victory of the Rosary."

So runs the story, and the belief that St. Dominic was the author and institutor of this devotion is authorized by the fact that different Supreme Pontiffs have so declared in various passages of their apostolic letters, among which may be cited those of Pope Leo XIII., which, while commending this devotion to the faithful in the most earnest terms, assume the institution of the Rosary by St. Dominic to be a fact historically established. The extraordinary favors which, as is piously believed, have been granted to the world, as the fruits of this devotion, are also a striking confirmation of its supernatural origin, for supernatural fruits do not spring from a natural source. The history of the Catholic Church is full of conversions ascribed to the devotion of the Rosary. Mary is the mother of God. What wonder, then, that God glorifies through all ages her power of intercession with Him for all men? How else did Ireland, in her dark days of trial and

persecution, retain the Faith, except by devotion to the Mother of God in the Rosary?

The devotion of the Rosary spread through the Church, an epitome of the life, death and resurrection of our Blessed Lord Himself, upon whose love for us and wondrous work for our salvation our thoughts are centred as we say the beads daily. On Mondays and Thursdays we say the "joyful mysteries," relating to the Annunciation and Birth of Our Lord; on Tuesdays and Fridays we say the "sorrowful mysteries" relating to His Passion and Death; and on Sundays, Wednesdays and Saturdays we say the "glorious mysteries," which celebrate the Resurrection of Our Lord, His Ascension, the descent of the Holy Ghost, the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin Mary and her Coronation in Heaven.

HOW PRAYER MAY SPEED THE DAWN OF PEACE

While the struggle between modern democracy and over-weening nationalism is being waged in Europe night and day with a spirit that can only be changed by vast disaster or by the grace of God, prayers for the dawn of peace are being offered by Christians throughout the world. The power of prayer is witnessed by experience and by credible historical evidence. St. Monica prayed eighteen years for the conversion of her erring son Augustine, and what greater wonder could there be than the change of a sinner into a saint of God's Holy Church? Prayer saved Europe, it is said, from the Moslem invader at Lepanto in the sixteenth century, when the Christian admiral attached a rosary to the royal ensign and let it float above the smoke and roar of battle. At first, says the story, the wind was unfavorable to the Christians, and the dazzling sun prevented them from observing the movements of the enemy. But on a sudden, the wind turned as if by a miracle, and a dark cloud arose and intercepted the blinding rays of the sun. The Christians could now watch the enemy closely, and they perceived that the Turkish fleet had made a move to surround them. The signal was given. The battle began. The Christians gained a complete victory. They captured and sank two hundred Turkish vessels, killed 50,000 of the enemy, and struck off the chains of 20,000 Christian captives.

So in the present war, we can fervently pray that God will defend us from all hostile powers that would rob our land of liberty. And we may be sure that if it be good for us and for our salvation, He will guard the British empire and will grant her many years of usefulness as a defender of liberty and a champion of the oppressed. We can pray for our gallant Canadian soldiers, that they may be shielded from harm, so far as may be, and that the protection of Heaven may be given to our Empire. And we can pray that the spirit of hate may die out among all peoples of the earth, and be replaced by the spirit of Christianity.

"But why pray at all?" some sceptic may ask. Does not God know from all eternity, what He intends to do; how then can our prayers effect His purpose? St. Thomas Aquinas, that great doctor of the Church, anticipated this difficulty when he declared that God has indeed decreed all things, from eternity, but in His disposition of the present order of affairs, foresaw our prayers, and was able so to dispose second causes that effects in harmony with our petitions might be produced at the proper time. So when we pray to God, it is not that we may change the divine disposition, but in order that we may obtain what God has arranged for fulfillment through our prayers, so that we may merit to receive in time what Almighty God has arranged to give before all ages. Moreover, God as our Creator and Benefactor, wishes to hear our prayers in acknowledgment of our indebtedness to Him and dependence upon Him. Nor is there any real force in the objection of Kant, which is an old objection, that there is no need to pray, because omniscient God knows our needs without our telling Him. For, as St. Thomas observes: "It is not necessary for us to pray to God to inform Him of our needs and desires, but in order that we may consider that in the subjects of our prayers we have need to resort to divine help," for thus we recognize our own infirmity, and conceive greater confidence towards God, and with greater effort concur with Him in acting rightly.

WHY PIOUS CATHOLICS SEEK INDULGENCES

Among the puzzling problems of the Catholic Church for an outsider is the belief in Indulgences. First of all, there is the word itself, indulgence, the meaning of which in modern English is not the same as the indulgence to which the belief of the Church refers. It is hardly necessary in those days of comparative enlightenment to state that an indulgence certainly does not mean a permission to commit sin, as some uninformed people have supposed. Sin is contrary to the whole character of the Catholic Church, which is the mystical body of Christ. What then is an indulgence? The definition is as follows: The remission of the temporal penalty, due to actual sins, already remitted as to their guilt; granted externally to the sacrament of penance, by those who have the power of distributing the spiritual treasure of the Church.

There are two kinds of actual sin, called also personal sins, in opposition to original sin—mortal sin and venial sin. The punishment due to mortal sin is eternal. God, in His infinite mercy, has furnished man with one means of delivering himself from the abyss of sin into which he may have fallen, viz., the sacrament of penance. But when the sinner is converted, does penance and receives the grace of justification in the sacrament of penance, or by perfect contrition with the desire of this sacrament, does he at the same time necessarily receive the remission of the whole punishment due to these sins? By no means, and it is an article of faith formally expressed by the Council of Trent. The eternal punishment is fully remitted, but a temporal punishment ordinarily remains, of long or short duration, according to the sins and dispositions of the penitent, who must undergo this punishment here or hereafter, on earth or in purgatory.

The severe canonical penances which the Church in former ages prescribed to penitent sinners were founded upon this truth. Three, seven, ten, fifteen and twenty years' fast on bread and water was prescribed as penance, says Mgr. Rouvier, for one single sin. A whole life of humiliation and mortification was not considered by the Church to exceed the satisfaction owed by the sinner to divine justice.

If to prevent sinners from being disheartened, the Church treats them nowadays with greater mildness, she does not consider them less culpable, or their sins less deserving of punishment; the penalty to be undergone remains the same. It may, however, be cancelled by prayer, fasting, almsdeeds and other supernatural good works; but they who die without having made full satisfaction, will be much more severely punished in the cleansing fire of purgatory. Venial sin, in like manner, if not expiated in this life, must be atoned for in the life to come—not indeed by the torments of hell, but by the temporary pains of purgatory.

If the punishment due to a single sin can be extended to such length, how enormous must be the debt of the sinner who has passed entire years in the most guilty habits, and of whom it may be said, in the words of the prophet, that his "iniquities are multiplied above the hairs of his head." Who can comprehend the extent of the obligations of such a sinner to the justice of God, even after he has recovered at the last moment the grace of sanctification in the sacrament of penance.

He who being converted to God is deeply penetrated with these great truths, cannot but make daily to God some offering of satisfaction, to diminish, if incapable of wholly cancelling, the immense debt he has contracted. If he were offered any means of supplying his inefficiency, and of obtaining a liquidation of his debt, how gratefully, how eagerly would he embrace it! This means, then, we find in indulgences.

A spiritual treasure exists in the Church, which is composed of the superabundant satisfaction of Christ and His Saints. The Blessed Virgin was never stained with sin; and many of the saints have made more satisfaction than their sins required. The great number of confessors and martyrs, of holy virgins, of mortified anchorites, who have passed their lives in prayer and fasting have offered to God much more abundant satisfaction than they owed His divine justice.

The Church has the power of binding and loosing (St. Matthew, 16, 19). It is therefore in the power of the Church to open heaven and to break the bonds which detain souls from

entering therein. The temporal punishment due to sin is a bond which prevents entrance to heaven. The Church has the power to remit this temporal punishment by indulgences, by which she applies the superabundant satisfaction of Christ and His saints. St. Paul made use of this faculty towards the erring Corinthian, whom he had excommunicated and submitted to public penance, and shortened the time of his probation in remitting part of his punishment. The power of the Church to grant indulgences is thus in perfect harmony with the Holy Scriptures.

This power to grant indulgences is also proved by tradition. It is certain that a tradition which is clear, constant and universal, which has come down to us without interruption since the time of the Apostles, may be justly considered as a sure method of arriving at a knowledge of any truth. Both Tertullian and St. Cyprian testify to the existence of indulgences in the first ages of Christianity. The Council of Ancyra in 314 A. D., of Nice in 325 A. D., (12th canon) and the Fourth Council of Carthage in 398 A. D. left the use of this faculty to the discretion of the bishops.

Pope Urban II., when personally presiding at the Council of Clermont in 1095 A. D., granted the full and entire remission of the punishment due to the sins of all who, through motives of religion, not of honor or interest, should enter upon a crusade for the deliverance of the Holy Land, and who should die in religious sentiments. This is the first plenary indulgence we read of in history.

The Council of Trent condemns those who deny the power of the Church to grant indulgences, and declares that this power has been given by Christ to His Church, and that the use of indulgences is most salutary to Christian people. The belief in indulgences is thus of faith. For the Catholic this is final.

Indulgences are granted upon certain conditions. They are granted only to those who are members of the Church. Those who have not received baptism cannot partake of them. As regards further conditions, there are certain dispositions required in the person gaining them and certain good works, pious devotions and prayers prescribed. Concerning the necessary dispositions, there is required a state of grace and a formal intention.

The Church grants indulgences applicable to the souls in purgatory, and her teaching is that they can be assisted by indulgences, which are applied to their benefit per modum suffragii. And this indeed, is one of the chief reasons why indulgences should be sought so earnestly by pious people, for what more holy and beautiful work can there be than a pious work performed, a devotion practised, or a prayer fervently said, with the intention of benefiting the holy dead?

THE SITUATION IN IRELAND

In this day of the Empire's testing, when the whole-hearted co-operation of all creeds and classes is so urgently needed, if we are to successfully meet and vanquish the well prepared forces of a powerful and unscrupulous enemy, anything that makes for sectionalism or division should be anathema. What, then, are we to think of the loyalty of those who, at such a time as this, devote time and talent to the unholy propaganda of disunion? Party interests should be forgotten in the face of the common peril. But apparently the brethren who took it upon themselves to distribute the pamphlet, "Shall the Kaiser deliver Canada to Rome," think otherwise. We were told that the Twelfth year was to be a grand patriotic demonstration, and that party tunes were to be omitted. The distribution of the above mentioned pamphlet is the answer to our hopes.

After all, it would be, perhaps, expecting too much to look for even a glimmer of patriotism or common sense from the rank and file of the Orange order. But we might at least expect that the British War Office would rise above its inherited prejudices, and show itself to be impartial in its administration. With the Dublin and the Munsters and the Connaughts holding the trenches, whilst the Ulster Division was holding Sandy Row, it is almost incredible that the authorities at Whitehall should stoop to differentiate against the Nationalists. But we have it on the authority of the London Chronicle that such is the case. Says this Unionist journal: "The historian of

the future will have a serious tale to tell when he runs over the long list of apparently partizan actions by the War Office in Ireland during the past ten months—how the Carsonites were allowed to raise an 'Ulster Division' with an Ulster badge, while neither of the two divisions raised in the Nationalist Ireland (the 10th and 16th) was allowed to be called an 'Irish Division,' or have any corresponding distinction: how the Protestant Universities of Belfast and Trinity College, Dublin, were allowed to have officers' training corps, while the Irish National University, which is Catholic and Nationalist, was forbidden to have one (a prohibition withdrawn at last, but very late in the day); how the Ulster Division was allowed to be composed entirely of Protestants and to be officered almost entirely by members of the Ulster Volunteer force, while the two Irish Divisions have had English recruits drafted into them, and vice versa Irish recruits have been diverted from them into other divisions, and the overwhelming majority of the officers in these two divisions are Englishmen or Protestants or Unionists, though there is certainly no dearth of available Irish Catholics holding the King's Commission."

This is surely an astounding state of affairs, and as the Chronicle well observes, "it is enormously to the credit of the Nationalist leaders that they have not let themselves be discouraged by them from doing all they can in the cause of recruiting." At the lowest calculation, in addition to the 128,000 Irishmen in the army, some 26,000 National Volunteers have gone to the front. This is certainly a very credible showing, for in addition to the stupid policy of the War Office, which naturally militated against enlisting, the equally stupid policy of the English government of Ireland has deprived the Empire of the services of thousands of brave soldiers of the calibre of Michael O'Leary. With the population of Ireland reduced by one half, and that half made up, in great part, of the very old and the very young, were Ireland ever so willing the material was wanting.

COLUMBA.

NOTES AND COMMENTS

A PRIEST with a German name was arrested in Liverpool as a spy, and after being detained for some hours and subjected to a series of indignities, was searched and upon his person was found a letter from Lord Kitchener thanking him for his energy and success in the matter of recruiting.

THE NOTABLE Ritualistic episode in Brighton five years ago which culminated in the conversion of three rectors, who, rather than dissemble their belief in the Real Presence at their Bishop's behest, resigned their livings and subsequently studied for the priesthood in Rome, is recalled by the elevation of two of them to the Prelacy. Mgr. Cocks and Mgr. Hinde are now in active service as priests in England.

OUR METHODIST contemporary, The Christian Guardian, is much concerned over a reported forthcoming tour of the notorious "Pastor" Russell through several Ontario towns and cities, and urges that ministers should "put their congregations on guard against his teachings." A good many light-minded people, The Guardian opines, have been led astray by Russell's plausibilities, hence the necessity for some effective steps to expose his sophistries.

A MOMENT OF retrospection will make it evident that The Guardian's anxiety is not altogether groundless. To normal minds Russell's methods, even more than his extravagances, are their own condemnation and present no allurements to those well-instructed in the fundamentals of revealed religion. But Protestantism has ever been the prey of fanaticism and doctrinal eccentricities, and the countries where, in one form or another, it has predominated bear the favorite recruiting ground for freaks and fakery of the long-haired variety, especially those with an eye to the main chance. It has not, for example, been from Catholic countries of Europe that Mormonism has drawn its willing subjects, but from those that in the sixteenth century sided with the Lutheran heresy. And when all is said and done, has Protestantism any just cause for pointing the finger at the likes of Russell when it recalls its own progenitors?

IN A SKETCH entitled "The Canadian Protestant Churches and the Immigrants," a writer in The Christian Guardian tells a rather instructive story of the Canadian West:

"A Pole from the country came into my store one day and asked for a pound of sugar. He spoke Polish, as he knew very little English. I weighed out a pound of sugar, wrapped it up and handed it to him. He took the package, asked how much it was and laid down the exact amount. He then asked for a pound of tea. I handed it to him and again he handed me the exact amount. This went on for some other lines of groceries. He paid for each package as I handed it to him. I was not used to doing business in that way, and at last I asked him why he didn't let me take a bill for the purchases and settle for the total. The man shrugged his shoulders and told me that unless he settled for each package separately he was certain to be cheated out of two or three dollars."

This is supplemented by the affirmation of an English-speaking school teacher to the effect that, happening to be in a store one day when a foreigner was making some purchases, the storekeeper turned to him as the foreigner left, and boasted that he had overcharged his customer a couple of dollars.

HERE is another case, told in more detail, which will bear repetition. In brief it is as follows:

A few English speaking capitalist politicians looked at the land north of Beaujeu and saw that it was good—good for a drainage district. They purchased a block of it from a friendly Government and pointed out to a few settlers in the area how advantageous it would be to have the land drained. In many cases, they did not explain things just that way, but they got the settlers to petition, along with themselves, for the creation of a drainage district, and that was what they were after, the settlers' signatures.

The petition obtained, it was an easy thing to get the same friendly Government to declare the area a drainage district. When an area is so declared it means that the Government will find the money for draining purposes and assess the cost on all lands benefited or supposed to be benefited. Year by year the drainage debt has to be paid off by the owners of the land whoever they may be. For every dollar that the Government paid out for the drainage of this area, I am assured that at least 50 cents was sidetracked. But that is a detail. The really interesting thing is to note how the English-speaking capitalist-politicians played their game. They bought the land originally from a friendly Government at a low figure; \$3 an acre I think was the price. But the drainage of it or the nominal draining of it, caused within two or three years a sharp rise in the price of the land. As soon as this sharp rise in price had taken place, the English speaking capitalists sold their holdings to the incoming foreign settlers. These same incoming foreign settlers were left with sinking fund and interest to pay on the heavily inflated cost of the drainage.

"That is, in brief, the story; but there is one really artist's touch which I must not omit. The English speaking capitalists and the friendly Government left nothing unprovided for. In order that the breeze might be tempered to the shorn settler it was provided that the repayment of sinking fund should begin only after two or three years. But curiously enough it was precisely in these two or three years that the sharp rise was taking place and that the land remained in the hands of the English speaking capitalists. Before the sinking charge fell upon the land, the English-speaking capitalists were well out and the foreign settlers were well in."

THIS, CONTINUES The Guardian correspondent, "is not a story of Turkish brigandage, or Chinese extortion, or Oriental cunning. It is the simple story of a drainage district in fair Manitoba, and it happened under the folds of the Union Jack. It is the story of a foreign settlement in Manitoba where to-day the foreign citizen is struggling to pay the heavy drainage tax, where the poverty of the people is so great that the children have to help in the fields, and the school houses, the few there are, remain unfrequented. The defrauding of the foreign settler either by the long-headed capitalist politician or by the petty trader, is only made possible by the indifference of the citizens of Manitoba. It may be laudable on their part to listen to the cry of the Hottentot or the Fijian, but it would be much more laudable and much more practical, if they would listen to the inarticulate appeal which for years past has been going up from the foreign settlements of Manitoba."

WE HAVE quoted thus extensively from our contemporary for one reason, and for one reason only. The whole article is creditable to its author and falls of its purpose if it does not open the eyes of the com-

munity to the folly—the criminal folly under the circumstances—of their efforts to undermine the simple faith and native honesty of these "children of oppression" under the specious plea of "Canadianizing" them. The Methodist and Presbyterian bodies have been particularly active in this regard, and the latter has made itself a public scandal by the dishonesty of its methods, its masquerading "priests" and its mock masses. It would be well, then, for those among them, as the writer quoted, who see the iniquity of such practices, to labor for their elimination while exposing the trickery and fraud of their own brethren.

"WE BEHOLD the foreigner for overcrowding," says The Guardian correspondent, "but who collects the rents? And, getting back of the landlord, who has run up the price of land and reaped the rich profit? Our Church members—the very men who most loudly denounce the foreigner for living in such wretched conditions. Surely there is need for the admonition: 'Cast out first the beam out of thine own eye; and then shalt thou see clearly to cast out the mote out of thy brother's eye.' All of which goes to show how immeasurably higher is the moral standard of these "poor foreigners" than of the "Canadianizing" apostles who prate so loudly and pharisaically of their own attainments—that is, of their superior social position and powers of manipulation. Much more fitting would it be to transfer the apostleship to the foreigner, which is the not impossible transformation in store for the future. In the meantime, the foreigner could best serve the cause of civilization and real progress by keeping their officious hands off these incoming Catholic peoples."

ON THE BATTLE LINE

"In a few weeks, when the Government has completed the developments in which it is engaged, the supply of shells will be doubled. This will not merely enable us to support our men, but will enable them to cleave their way through to victory." In these words Mr. Lloyd George summed up in the House of Commons yesterday the work undertaken by the Department of Munitions. The Government has already established 16 national ammunition factories in England, but after consultation with the French Ministry has decided to set up 10 additional large establishments. In three months 40,000 had been added to the number of men in the country engaged in the production of war munitions, and further men were pouring in. While the trade union leaders had agreed to the relaxation of trade union restrictions, he had not been able to convince the men without giving figures which he dared not give. Were all restrictions removed, hundreds of thousands of men could be added to the works.

BRITAIN MEANS TO WIN

The House was assured that machine guns and hand grenades would be supplied in adequate quantities, and that when all the work now under way was completed, "within a few months the Government would be able to equip its armies in a way which would leave them in no way inferior to the best equipped armies on the continent." Mr. Lloyd George's statement means that the war, from Britain's standpoint, is just about to begin. The Premier, in a most optimistic speech, reviewed the results already achieved, especially in safeguarding the freedom of the seas. The navy had enabled Britain to laugh at the scare of an invasion. He urged that no encouragement be given to the faint-hearted, and still less to the backbiters who are discouraging our allies and encouraging our enemies. "Let us," he concluded, "in this House and in the country at large, with the same spirit of energy and determination which for twelve months has inspired us, continue to persevere and persist to an inevitably triumphant issue."

THE ALLIES WILL PROFIT

The western allies will profit materially by the contemplated Russian retirement, for while it shortens the German front it draws the Teutons a long way east and south of the splendid strategic railways of Silesia, Posen and East Prussia, which have heretofore contributed so materially to the superior mobility of the Germanic armies. On the upper Bug, between the Galician border and Brest, the problem of maintaining a large enemy army on the west bank of the Bug will be a serious one, and there are scarcely no facilities for picking up three or four army corps from that front and landing them in two or three days in Flanders or northern France. The decrease in German mobility will be marked, and the western allies must profit from it when they begin to move.

MACKENSEN HAS FAILED

Information is coming through as to the fighting along the Narow,

where are to be found the weakest spots in the Russian lines. In the south Mackensen has definitely failed in his endeavor to cut the Lublin-Cholm railway, and west of the Vistula the Russians are not pressed. The German spearhead this time come from the north. The Russians between the Narow and the Bug have put up a splendid fight, and their counter-offensive has been so successful that some British critics begin to think the Germans will have to abandon their attempt to get within striking distance of the Polish capital. These opinions do not coincide with the semi-official despatches from Petrograd already quoted, which indicate that the Russians on the Narow are fighting a delaying action only.

RUSSIAN ARMY IS SAFE

The Petrograd report last night stated that on the Narow front there has been no change, and that the enemy has failed in an attempt to advance in the narrow triangle formed by the Ozyzo and Narow near the point of their junction. The statement that there has been fighting on both banks of the Narow in the region of Paltuk proves that the Russians grimly hold to their positions on the north bank. The announcement that Von Mackensen has suffered enormous losses in the Cholm sector is important, as is the statement that in Galicia, near Kamionka, the Austrians who recently crossed the upper Bug have been driven back to the west bank with heavy losses, including the capture of 1,500 prisoners. These events prove that the Russian army in Poland is in no danger of being surrounded.

GERMAN LOSSES HEAVY

The French official report last night again put on record the statement that "the day was uneventful from the sea to the Vosges." In the Alsatian sphere of operations there was again fierce fighting, which has continued for the greater part of a week on the hillscrests along the Fecht. The French have been the aggressors here, and have seized at Lingekopf and Barrenkopf positions which the Germans recognize to be of vital importance. On the Barronkopf ridge yesterday the Germans tried to retake the trenches the French won from them three days ago. The Paris official report says "the very violent attack which they made was repulsed. All our gains were maintained. A German battery which was brought forward in the attack was caught under our fire and destroyed." The German losses in these engagements in the Vosges have been quite heavy. At Lingekopf, after the French occupied the hill, they found 200 German dead, and at Barrenkopf 400. They took 201 prisoners at Barrenkopf on Tuesday and Wednesday. These accounts are typical illustrations of Joffre's nibbling policy. He may have lost as many men as the Germans in the hills that they made the way in the first place in defending them, but in yesterday's action the German losses were probably three or four times as great as those of the French, because on a bare hillside they had to attack an entrenched enemy who was not taken by surprise, as they themselves in the original night assault.

FLANDERS IS QUIET

A British official report indicates that there have been no recent infantry operations on that part of the front in France and Belgium held by the British army. The big guns growl and mines are exploded occasionally, but the summer is passing uneventfully, with an occasional incident, such as the bringing down of a German aeroplane inside the British lines near Zillebeke on Monday, to relieve the tedium of trench routine. It is a long time since "a war like the way in Flanders" became a standard of profanity. The army in Flanders is doubtless indulging in remarks just now regarding its enforced inactivity that would not be suitable for the drawing-room.

TURKS HAVE RETREATED

The victory of the British Indian Army operating against the Turks along the Euphrates was decisive in last Saturday's action. An announcement by the Official Press Bureau shows that the disorganized Turkish forces have retreated 25 miles to the north of the river, having lost 2,500 men, including 41 officers and 690 men who were taken prisoners. More important than the loss of men is that of the Turkish artillery. The British have taken one 40 pounder, 12 field guns, two mountain guns, 1,000 rounds of artillery ammunition, 800,000 rounds of small-arm ammunition, as well as a quantity of explosive bombs. Without sufficient artillery the Turks will not be able to continue their campaign. The British losses were 564, including 101 killed. Recently further reinforcements have been sent to the Persian Gulf from India. British administrators are taking a grip of the problems of government in the lower Euphrates region.

ADDED TO ALLIES' NAVY

A German press correspondent states that the battle cruiser Lion has been added to the naval strength of the allies in the Dardanelles. It was reported some time ago that the Barham, one of the newly completed Superdreadnoughts, have taken the Queen Elizabeth's place while she went to Gibraltar to replace her worn-out big guns. The range in the Dardanelles operations is an ex-

traordinarily long one, and to send a fifteen-inch shell sailing ten or twelve miles through the air takes a lot of cordite. The gases from the cordite quickly corrode the rifling of the guns, which after from 120 to 150 rounds is no longer effective. The guns have to be taken ashore and relined. There are believed to be ample "spares" at Gibraltar. The fact that three Superdreadnoughts can be detached for service so far from the North Sea indicates that most of the new big-gun ships to be added to the navy in 1918 are now in commission or near completion.—Toronto Globe, July 30.

AN ABSURD LIBEL

While no one with an atom of common sense, or the most minute particle of justice in his make-up believes it, periodically some bigot circulates the lie that 72 per cent. of the deserters from the union army during the civil war were Irish-Catholics.

It is also asserted that the fact is taken from official records and that the desertions occurred after "the Pope's recognition of the confederacy, which never happened.

Sensitive souls are often much concerned about these allegations, so once in a while it becomes necessary to answer the lying charges. If the answer were stereotyped it would miss the eyes of some who are not willing to see.

Last week the Pilot was asked about the matter. We will let the editor of the National Tribune, the G. A. R. paper published at Washington, speak. Here is what he says:

"This is one of the absurd libels concerning the soldiers of the war, which has been given entirely too much currency. There is absolutely no official basis for the slander. In the first place the Pope of Rome never recognized the southern confederacy. In the next place there has never been any collation of the deserters from the United States army by nativity, religion or otherwise.

"The statement is the greatest possible slander to probably 100,000 as fine soldiers as ever carried a musket, and who were born in Ireland. These men served bravely and faithfully through the war and allowed no man of any nationality, religion or other classification to surpass them in gallantry, fidelity and fortitude.

"Thousands of them had been brought to this country when children and grew up among us as thoroughly Americans as those who were born here; and those who came later in life speedily assimilated with the Americans and had no superiors in their patriotic spirit and devotion to the country.—Intermountain Catholic.

SIDELIGHTS ON THE GREAT WAR

THE CHAPLAINS AT BASINGSTOKE

A special correspondent of the Freeman's Journal, in describing the review by the King of the first of the Irish Divisions at Basingstoke, says, "Amongst the divisional troops the Pioneer Battalion holds a unique position, as it was raised by the Earl of Granard, K. P., whose ancestor raised the original regiment as far back as 1684. Lord Granard resigned his Mastership of the Horse to form and command this 5th Service Battalion of the Royal Irish Regiment, and has succeeded in getting together a body of officers and men that will do credit to the name he so honorably bears. At both the inspection and review the latest addition to the forces of the Division came in for marked comment.

The conduct of the soldiers has, on the whole, been exemplary, and this in no small measure due to the presence of the Irish chaplains in their midst. The large number of men at Sunday Mass, and at the other services in the various camps testifies to their religious earnestness and the realization of the dangers before them. The commanding officers know that the better the men are the better soldiers they are likely to become, and so spare no pains in seconding the efforts of the Brigade chaplains. This is a source of encouragement to the men themselves, as well as a great consolation to their people at home.

THE HEROISM OF NUNS AND A CONVERSION

The following story of a conversion is taken from the Republic, of Boston, U. S. A.: A freeman on the Atlantic transport "Maine" sailing late in April from Philadelphia to London, was converted to the Catholic faith by the heroism of the nuns in Antwerp during the siege. The first thought which moved him, as it has moved many another before him, was that the Faith which produced such absolute self-sacrifice in weak and tender women must be the true Faith. When the ship on which he was employed touched at Philadelphia, the Sailors' Committee of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul came in contact with this man. He told his experience to the members, and expressed his desire to be received into the Church. A mission was in progress at the Church of Our Lady of Mount Carmel, and he was instructed and received.

OUR LADY OF THE TRENCHES

On the occasion of the feast of the Blessed Joan of Arc, May 10, Mgr. Bardel, Bishop of Soez, read from the pulpit of his cathedral the following note:

The great war had in store for us many consoling surprises. Fertile in noble examples, as well as in sublime acts of self-devotion, it has witnessed the revival of the faith and the renaissance of prayer. Our troops at the front pray as they fight—with fervor, with courage. Every day brings us numerous testimonials of this religious revival in our army; behold a fresh and very touching manifestation of this wonderful efflorescence. On the very line of fire, in some of the most advanced trenches, only a few hundred yards from the German positions, an altar was raised to the glory of Mary. On one of the last days of the month of April, two soldiers of the 21st Territorial Regiment went among the ruins of a village which had been hacked by the enemy's shells, seeking in the deserted gardens a few spring flowers and some green foliage to adorn their comrades' entrance and their shelter's embankment. Suddenly, the same thought occurred to both of them: "The day after tomorrow will be May 1, why should we not keep the month of Mary in the trenches?" On their return to their hole, they at once submitted their idea to their comrades. It was enthusiastically received, and that very evening, during the night watch in the battle-trench, behind the battlements and by the moonlight, an image-maker, tool in hand, was modelling a statue of the Virgin, while the pious hands of an assistant prepared the clay. Both worked without taking any notice of the crash of the shells, which seemed to deviate in order to spare the extemporized studio of the Madonna's artists. The next day at the break of dawn, the whole squad set to work. One man cut boards for an altar, while another paves the step thereof. Further on, two carvers cut out of some chalky boulders a cross and some candlesticks. Upholsterers cover the planned boards with painted paper. Florists arrange a few clusters of myosotis and some Easter daisies, and, behold, the altar rises. Behind the earthen Virgin a white cross stretches out its arms between two embrasures, through which the first line of defence of the enemy is distinguishable, showers of flowers adumbrate it and wax burns in the candlesticks. The captain of the company and the senior non-commissioned officer came first to give a pious example, and knelt before that improvised sanctuary, over which one could read this inscription, "Our Lady of the Trenches, pray for us." And behold the military chaplain comes forward, blesses the altar, and recites the rosary. Officers, non-commissioned officers and soldiers, all knelt knee-deep, answer to the prayers which ascend towards the Virgin-Queen.

A CHAPLAIN'S DEVOTION

The following description of the devotion shown by a chaplain is taken from a letter home, written by a French soldier: I saw a scene which was awfully touching. We had just captured three German lines filled with corpses and prisoners and had come to a ridge crossed by the Bethune road, when I was surprised to see the chaplain of the division, the Abbe Dubreuil. Under a hail of bullets he was running from one wounded man to another, attending wounds, giving absolution. In his left hand he held a crucifix, though he was already badly wounded, and his fingers were all dripping with blood. Before I could sign to him to get to cover he fell a few moments later, under the fire of the German machine guns. He had waved his arm to show his Red Cross, and his handkerchief, but to no purpose. His casack ought to have been a protection for him, but he fell dead hit by several bullets.

THE PROTESTANT TRADITION

STILL KEEPING IT UP In reviewing the life of Professor S. F. B. Morse in the February Catholic World, I called attention to the fact that his latest biographer has seen fit to omit all references to Professor Morse's connection with the very serious outburst of bigotry against the Catholic Church, centering around the Maria Monk fables, which occurred about 1835, writes Dr. James J. Walsh, in the June Catholic World. It seems scarcely worth while to revive the memory of this disgraceful incident, save that we are again suffering from a wave of bigotry, now much less bitter and intolerant, but still effective in places. It is surprising now to look back and see the thoroughly respectable, supposedly intellectual and eminently well-meaning individuals, clergymen and laymen, who, in our modern expressive phrase, permitted themselves to be "taken in" by this lurid tale. The Protestant clergy were among the most numerous victims of the designing young woman, though this was not because of less knowledge, but because greater interest in the question stimulated them to make public proclamation of their views. Among the believers were lawyers, and doctors, and editors, and prominent merchants, and politicians, besides many of the common people. Among them was Samuel F. B. Morse, then well known only as an American portrait painter.

Maria Monk and her male companion, realizing the gullibility of the extreme Protestants, tried their credulity to the utmost, and apparently convinced them of the truth of their statements. They were welcomed everywhere, were received

into select Protestant circles and homes, in spite of the fact that they were strangers, and that the woman in the case was making open confession of familiarity with awful crimes. With hands upraised in holy horror the New York Protestants gathered round to hear of the criminal actions that took place only three hundred miles away, in Montreal; they asked for no proof. They accepted all Maria Monk's statements without question.

Think of sensible, educated Christian men and women accepting all this without a question. Think of its being the topic of sermons in churches, commented on at religious meetings, published broadcast in religious papers, and think of how blind the people must have been—not, to be recalled, ignorant country villagers, but some of the best informed people in the metropolis of America, barely two generations ago—to accept such arrant nonsense. But we must not forget what blinded them. It was the Protestant tradition of calumny against the Catholic Church. That Protestant tradition still survives. It does not now, except in country districts and where the people are ignorant and backward, venture to ask people to accept such stories as those of Maria Monk, but practically all of the Protestant opposition to the Church is founded on this old Protestant tradition, and the ignorance and prejudice and misrepresentation that it fostered with regard to everything Catholic. Draper, when he wrote his "Conflict of Religion and Science," was unconsciously following in the Protestant tradition. Even President White as late as 1890, when he wrote his "Warfare of Theology with Science in Christendom," was following in that same tradition. These university men were so sure that the Church was thoroughly and blightedly wrong that it was easy for them to create reasons for their feeling of opposition.

There is in the story much more than a moral for pitiful creatures like Maria Monk. The moral is for educated Protestants who were so blinded by prejudice that they were ready to accept this absurdly impossible story from a woman of vile character. I wonder if educated Protestants in the East realize that even now this story is being republished and scattered broadcast among the Protestants of the West and South who know nothing about Catholics, except what they have learned from the ever-enduring Protestant tradition? There are actually Protestant ministers who are still engaged in securing the diffusion of this story of Maria Monk. It has been published widely in England for years, because there are still a large number of Protestants who want to read this type of book, and many Protestant ministers, not in good faith, since they know better.—N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

FATHER FRASER'S CHINESE MISSION

Taichowfu, March 22, 1915. Dear Readers of CATHOLIC RECORD: Yesterday (Passion Sunday) I laid the corner-stones of the church in Taichowfu. The former church was too small for the crowds who are being converted in the city and neighboring towns. Even with the new addition of forty-eight feet and a gallery it will be too small on the big Feast. May God be praised Who deigns to open months to His praises in the Far East to replace those stilled in death in Europe. And may He shower down His choicest blessings on my benefactors of the CATHOLIC RECORD, who are enabling me to hire catechists, open up new places to the Faith, and to build and enlarge churches and schools. Rest assured, dear Readers, that every cent that comes my way will be immediately put into circulation for the Glory of God.

Yours gratefully in Jesus and Mary, J. M. FRASER.

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—REV. D. A. CASEY.

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FIVE MINUTE SERMON

BY REV. F. FERRER
SEVENTH SUNDAY AFTER
PENTECOST

"He spoke right." (Mark vii, 35)
Our Lord conferred a great benefit upon the man who was deaf and dumb, by opening his ears and loosing the string of his tongue; and the multitude that witnessed the miracle cried out: "He hath done all things well; He hath made both the deaf to hear and the dumb to speak."

We may ask whether these people applied their own words to themselves, and recognized what great blessings speech and hearing are to man. They rejoiced that the man who was cured could articulate and pronounce the various sounds and words clearly; but did they consider that it is not enough to have the gift of speech, but that we ought to use that gift properly? Speech is given us by God, but unhappily none of His other benefits are more frequently misused. Men are only too apt to say what is wrong, and disregard our Lord's solemn warning that we shall have to give account of every idle word.

Of all the sins of the tongue, none is commoner than lying. Not only to the deaf and dumb whom Christ healed, did He give power to speak right, but He will give it to us also, if we are faithful to Him, and this power is indispensable to our salvation. Holy Scripture contains many exhortations to truthfulness, and many warnings against lying, besides several instances of the disastrous effects of falsehood. A man who is not so much as the person uttering it, it may mislead others, but it most injures the liar himself, for no other sin so quickly destroys a man's character as the vice of lying. It degrades the soul to all that is sacred and noble, and lays the foundation of a low, mean way of thinking. How can love of God exist in the soul of a liar, who knows that his lies render him absolutely unlike the God of all truth? How can a liar be charitable towards his neighbor, when in his heart and on his lips falsehood and deceit have their abode? Even if a liar does not actually injure one's neighbor, some amount of scorn of the person deceived is always present in the heart of the liar, and thus ridicule and contempt are hidden under an outward semblance of friendship. What an abominable character! When once the habit of lying is firmly rooted in a heart, all its consequences appear one after another; and a cunning, hypocritical, deceitful disposition is formed, which is an obstacle to all better development of character. A liar, as I have said, injures himself; what is his object in telling a lie? As a rule he is trying to avoid some blame or correction, or to secure praise for what he has not done, and for some virtue that he does not possess. If his lie is believed, he escapes the censure that he dreaded, and receives the praise that he sought. But what good does he derive from it? Would it not have been better for him to accept the reproof, and amend his ways, than to have the praise, but to be scorned on really to deserve it? Truth might have cost him something, but its fruits would have been sweeter than those of a lie.

A liar injures himself by losing the respect of his fellow men. A man must have sunk very low before he ceases to care for this respect; why, then, does he risk the loss of it by telling lies? Who can possibly feel much esteem for a liar? Christian charity may make us, out of compassion for him, conceal the poor opinion that we really have of him, but at the bottom of our hearts we all know that a liar deserves contempt. When we cease to respect a man, we cease also to trust him, for how can we confide in one whose words may be true or false, we know not which?

If we need advice, the last person to whom we shall apply is a liar, for how can we be sure that he is not telling us to do the exact opposite of what he recognizes as proper? And should the liar himself need counsel, who can give it him? Is it possible to advise a man, who may not have given us all the information requisite to enable us to form an opinion regarding his difficulties? May he not be seeking advice simply in order to ridicule it or make a bad use of it?

In the same way when a liar asks help, we often doubt whether his need is genuine, and thus his lies check the stream of Christian charity. We must acknowledge that nothing is so great a hindrance to progress in this world as lying. The world is corrupt and often laughs at simple honesty and truthfulness, but nevertheless everyone likes to have honest, straightforward people about him. Who would care to have in his house, or to associate with, persons whom he can not trust not to misrepresent all that goes on in his household, and not to rob him and his family of that good reputation that is the best foundation of temporal happiness? We all try to avoid liars, for they often do more harm than the thieves, who deprive us only of our goods, whilst liars take away our honor. A liar causes confusion in houses and families, and sows distrust between those who previously had full confidence in one another. He tells one what the other is supposed to have said and done, until he has fanned a flame of discord, where harmony used to reign. Even in society a liar is hated, and when he is found out, everyone shuns him, or, if it is impossible actually to avoid him, we do so mentally, by being on our guard,

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holding aloof from him and showing so much caution in our dealings with him as to prove our want of confidence in him. How true are the words of Holy Scripture: "The mouth that belieth, killeth the soul" (Wisd. i, 11). The liar injures himself in time and in eternity; therefore you should resolve firmly always to speak right, always to adhere to the truth and avoid lying, as if it were a serpent, ready to kill whoever touches it. If you are faithful to the truth, you will be faithful to Jesus, who is all Truth, and a heart loyal to Him is fruitful in every kind of virtue, none of which can flourish in a lying soul. The heart of the honest and upright has a claim to the everlasting kingdom of all truth and purity. Amen.

TEMPERANCE

DIFFERENCE SEEN THE MORNING AFTER

"He decided to stop drinking, and that meant avoiding the club. He found it very hard at first and very lonely, but kept at it. Soon he perceived a new zest in business, a recurrence of grasp in regard to problems, a better feeling all around. He ended by saying that even now he feels lonely at times, thinks of the good fellows at the club laughing over their cocktails and highballs in the evening, but he added, and I recall the words well: 'I have all those fellows lashed to the mast the next morning.' Now, here is what may be called the 'punch' of the argument. It will go home to any man who has serious work in life to do; it means money and many other things—the drinkers' lashed to the mast' in the morning." Saturday Evening Post.

"MAMMA, HE ISN'T DRUNK!"
While spending an hour or two with a friend one afternoon, a little incident occurred which seemed to me the strongest and most forcible argument for temperance I had ever heard.

The home was a comfortable one and well kept by a good and careful wife. But the shadow which the intemperance of the husband was casting over it was blighting the lives of the otherwise happy mother and two bright little children. The oldest, a boy of about eight years, was of a sensitive, nervous disposition, and loved his parents devotedly. Looking up to his father to share in all the little joys and sorrows of his child life.

Little Workers Do Big Work with Old Dutch Pans and Pots Cleaned in a Jiffy

down every few minutes and look down the street in the direction from which his father would come. The memory of that little eager, anxious face pressed against the window pane is often with me. It was a slight to bring tears to the eyes of the most hardened. Its expression said as plainly as words: Will he come? Will he meet me with that loving fatherly kiss while he takes me by the hand, or will he thrust me aside with angry words?

As I was bidding his mother good-bye the child suddenly sprang from the window, his face lit up with gladness, and excitedly clapping his hands cried out joyfully as he ran to his mother: "Oh, mamma! He isn't drunk." And without cap or jacket—for the evening was cool, he rushed out as I opened the door, and down the street to meet his well-beloved papa, a thing he would not dare do had his father been drinking.

A father who would continue to grieve the tender heart of his loving child is not worthy to be called a man.—Elizabeth Malcolm in Our Young People.

PROBLEM OF LIFE

The solution of man's destiny is one of the most serious and important questions of man's life. Yet how few concern themselves about the truth in religious matters. Religion, one of the prime factors of man's history, is partly ignored. The great bulk of mankind simply take matters as they come. Guided by passion and the senses, they follow their inclinations, whenever a suitable opportunity presents itself. Pain and pleasure, not reason, principle and conscience, become their guiding star through life. Some unforeseen event in life may give a check to this thoughtless way of life. They reflect on this visible world, and the part they are playing in it. All is mystery.

The explanations given to solve the problem of life are numerous; but nearly all are in line with man's thoughts, environments, and passions. They think by a set rule, adjusting thoughts and actions by what is seen in the outside world. Religion is judged, not on its merits, but by the actions of its members. This is a yard measure, as applied to religion, is, in most instances, incorrect, and that principally because "it is human that errs."

Christianity, rightly interpreted, solves the all-absorbing question—the problem of life—in the crucifixion of the Son of God. "For in the blood of goats and of oxen, and the ashes of an heifer being sprinkled, sanctify such as are defiled, to the cleansing of the flesh; how much more shall the blood of Christ, who, by the Holy Ghost, offered Himself once for all, cleanse our consciences from dead works, to serve the living God?" Heb. ix. 13-14. Herein is the solution of the great question—the problem of life—viz., it will be found in the crucifixion of the Son of God.

Gazing on the Cross, and its victim, a most valuable lesson regarding this visible world may be learned. Honors, dignities, wealth, pleasures, and the pride of life are measured according to their true value. It reconciles the true and the false, the harmonious and the discordant, what seems otherwise discordant, it teaches man how to live, how to use the world, what to desire and hope.

Beneath the shadow of the Cross all are on an equality. The birth of some royal dignitary is heralded. The daily press tell of the pomp that surrounds his cradle, and of the rich treasures placed at his feet. To what purpose? To honor the Child of Man. It is, indeed, valiant. But what is its worth? With uplifted eyes fixed on the Cross and its victim, a ready answer will be found.

During the past year we have been daily reading of the havoc made by human lives in Europe. National jealousies and greed of wealth and power have led to the slaughter of millions of brave soldiers. Who is responsible for the yearnings of the ambitions, and the intrigues of the crafty? What has been the result? Death and its measure will be the Death of all things. To it all is subservient. In it is the center and interpretation of all; for Jesus lifted on the Cross draws all man and all things unto Himself.

To this view of life, furnished by the Cross, is opposed that of the world and passion. Man left to himself naturally seeks the latter, and what he craves the world offers. Then with his tendency and capacity for such enjoyment and the world supplying the means, why suppress those feelings and take, as a substitute, the Cross, an entirely different road in the pathway of life? That difficulty found its solution in Paradise. Adam and Eve saw that the fruit of the forbidden tree was good food, and therefore to be desired. They tasted the same, and the result was woe and misery, and ultimately death. The vision of the Cross is gloomy and sorrowful, as compared with the gaudy and attractive appearance. But the difference is superficial, and the surface always presents its best and brightest appearance. The doctrine of the Cross is concealed from human gaze. When the veil is removed the senses, if not trained to subjection, will revolt at its first sight. Yet this is the true doctrine and the only solution of the problem of life. Truth is rarely found on the surface. It lies deep down.

"Error, like straw, upon the surface flows. He who would seek for pearls must dive below." As it is with truth, so it is with the soul in which it is securely planted. It becomes the guiding principle of a truly religious life, but is carefully hidden from the vulgar gaze, and this in accordance with the command of the Good Master, Who tells persons that fast "to anoint their heads and wash their face, to appear cheerful, so that their sorrow burned deep in their hearts be known only to God."

"Physically considered, human nature is good. So is all creation, since every creature of a perfect and good Creator must be good. Morally, human nature is not so as was fully demonstrated in Paradise. From the very beginning man's natural direction is away from God, i. e., from the end which man is bound at all times to seek, and try to attain. Man, in seeking his own pleasure, cannot serve God, since "no one can serve two masters." Man's sensitive nature must be subjected to his rational; an impossibility unless man, by the grace of God, unceasingly fights; for the carnal mind is not, and cannot be subject to the law of God. In the battle of life there can be no compromise. The Cross, the emblem of man's salvation, must be the standard under which we fight. Being the antithesis of man's natural proclivities, it may cause wounds, but from those wounds issue the balm which heals. If there be sorrow at what is sure to end in happiness, the anticipation of which is the only solution of the problem of life.—Intermountain Catholic.

DISCIPLINE AND EDUCATION

The world is shocked at times by the revelations of criminality among men of force, genius and power. Frequently the daily press carries the story of misdeeds by men whose education, wealth and social position lead public interest to the matter. These incidents, somewhat rare when considered in relation to the total population, do much to discredit secular education as a foundation for morality, and emphasize the necessity of education along lines not intended to develop the earning capacity of the individual. It is all very well to prepare each individual for the "battle of life"—for earning a livelihood by honest work. The weakness of the system is occasionally displayed by the wrongdoings of persons whose preparation has been thorough, whose education is complete, according to the ethical standard of certain schools.

If the life story could be told of those individuals whose failings furnish the sensations for the daily press, it is more than likely that the one thing most needed to make life complete has been neglected in their education. They no doubt have force, vigor, genius, enthusiasm, and other attributes which make for success, but they are deficient in self-control and discipline. Lacking these essential elements, they make the blunder that is their undoing, and all their happiness is clouded and obscured by the clouds that will not blow away. There may be some other means of acquiring self-control, of strengthening one's moral self, of gaining discipline and self-denial, but as far as we have been able to observe, the Christian religion alone stands as the bulwark of true education against those forces which conspire to wreck the world. It requires more than a broad grasp of human affairs to make a life; strength of character is not acquired through ability to marshal a long array of facts. If ever the world was in crying need of men with self-control, surely that time is now.—Intermountain Catholic.

A SPECIMEN OF "ROMAN NEWS"

On more than one occasion we have warned our readers against placing credence in the daily press cablegrams from Rome, dealing with Catholic matters. It is always safe to take them with a very big grain of salt. The latest specimen of the lies cabled from the Eternal City is one in which the Holy Father, the Archbishop of Milwaukee, the Archbishop of Cincinnati and the Bishop of Toledo, O., figure. The Archbishops and the Bishop are represented as appealing to the Pope, urging his intervention to prevent the war spreading to America and suggesting the mediation of the Holy See with the object of preventing the rupture in German-American relations." The Pope is quoted as saying, in reply to these suggestions, that reliance should be placed on the wisdom of President Wilson, whose peaceful intentions are well known to the Holy See. The cablegram winds up with the statement that "the Pope strongly urged upon German-Americans loyalty to their adopted country." The whole thing is a clumsy forgery concocted for the purpose of maligning German-American Catholics, who indirectly are represented as being disloyal to the United States because, forsooth, they do not take a pro-British view of the present war!

The lying cablegram with which we are dealing appeared originally in the London Daily News. It was promptly cabled across the Atlantic and laid before millions of readers of the American dailies in all the cities, towns and villages that stretch from the Atlantic to the Pacific. It

is a sample of the facility with which concoctors of lies can spread them over the world, provided they have control of the means of communication as has the country in whose interests this lie we are writing of was hatched.

It appeared in the American press on July 12. On the same day the Archbishop of Milwaukee exposed its character as is shown by the following press dispatch: "Milwaukee, July 12.—Archbishop Messmer denies that Catholic prelates have appealed to the Pope for intervention to prevent the United States from entering the war."

With similar emphasis the Bishop of Toledo denied that there was any truth in the London Daily News dispatch. Here is the way the lie is branded by him: "Toledo, July 12.—Bishop Schrembs to day denounced the report that he, with Archbishop Moeller, of Cincinnati, and Archbishop Messmer, of Milwaukee, had asked the Pope to use his offices to prevent war between Germany and the United States. 'There is not the slightest foundation for such a report,' he said.

Unfortunately all the numerous lies which have been cabled from Rome and which have found their way into American newspapers, have not been exposed as quickly and as effectively as has been the one named

by the Archbishop of Milwaukee and the Bishop of Toledo.—New York Freeman's Journal.

TEMPERANCE AT AGRA

St. Peter's College, Agra, is following in the movement at the head of which His Majesty the King Emperor has unselfishly placed himself. The Rector has started what we believe to be an entirely new venture in the schools, as far as India is concerned, by inaugurating among his pupils "The League of the Cross," and giving the pledge to children. That such a movement is calculated to do good needs no proof; those who wisely become total abstainers in their youth are in later years saved from the curse of drink and its awful consequences. We draw the attention of our schools to that excellent move. We cannot believe that a single parent could raise any objection to the powerful inducement which the League may offer, especially once the children leave school. The Formula of Pledge alone would dispel all possible objections. "I promise," it says, "with the assistance of God to abstain from all intoxicating liquors, except as used medicinally by order of a physician for the period of my life, as much as possible, being advised and example, to prevent intemperance in others."

Of course, it will be necessary to keep up the interest by meetings or addresses, etc., according to circumstances; but this is easily done.—Catholic Herald of India.

HOLY COMMUNION

Even one Communion here and now, bringing to you the precious gift of grace, will have an effect in this moment leaving some star in the sky. That ray will not be seen for years, but some day your eyes or the eyes of others will respond to that ray and enjoy its brightness. So every act of love or worship of the Blessed Sacrament imparts to your souls a splendor which will light up your minds and wills for eternity, flood with its effluence your risen bodies and unfold to you in clearer brilliancy the entrancing vision of the Most High.—F. F. Donnelly, S. J.

Hand Made Lace

From England. This beautiful Lace straight from the peasant workers of Bucks, England. Due to the war these English peasant lace makers are in real need. Just or unjust, this struggle is not of their making, but the peace-loving folks are suffering. Therefore, purchases made will be good deeds, as well as profitable to you. You'll be delighted with the free book we want to send you. Write for it today. Mrs. Corri Armstrong, Newmarket, Ont.

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Advertisement for 'My Prayer Book' featuring an image of the book and text describing its features and price.

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The methods employed at the Arnold Institute are the only logical methods for the cure of stammering. They treat the CAUSE, not merely the habit, and insure NATURAL SPEECH. If you have the slightest impediment in your speech, don't hesitate to write us. Cured pupils everywhere. Pamphlet, particulars and references sent on request. THE ARNOLD INSTITUTE, Berlin, Ont., Can.

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Advertisement for Church Bells featuring an image of a bell and text describing its quality and price.

Advertisement for Sherlock-Manning 20th Century Piano, featuring an image of the piano and text describing its features and price.

Advertisement for Toronto's Two Famous Hotels: Walker House and Hotel Carls-Rite, featuring images of the buildings and text describing their amenities and location.

Advertisement for The St. Charles Hotel, Most Select Location Fronting the Beach, Atlantic City, N.J., featuring an image of the hotel and text describing its services and location.

Advertisement for the New Hotel Tuller in Detroit, Michigan, featuring an image of the hotel and text describing its features, including fireproof construction and room rates.

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

WHAT A YOUNG MAN COSTS

The legion of lads who have now left school and who, as young men, leaving boyhood behind them, are to begin to go at the serious tasks of life, makes it timely for them to consider what it has so far cost their parents to rear them:

So you are twenty-one. And you stand up clear eyed, clear-minded, to look all the world squarely in the face. You are a man!

Did you ever think, son, how much it has cost to make a man out of you? Some one has figured up the cost in money of rearing a child. He says to bring up a young man to legal age, care for him and educate him costs \$25,000, which is a lot of money to put into flesh and blood.

But that isn't all. You have cost your father many hard knocks and short dinners and grey streaks in his hair; and your mother—oh, my boy, you will never know! You have cost her days and nights of anxiety, and wrinkles in her dear face, and heartaches and sacrifice.

It has been expensive to grow you; but— If you are what we think you are, you are worth all your cost—and much more.

Be sure of this: While father does not say much but "Hello, son!" way down deep in his tough, staunch heart he thinks you are the finest ever; and as for the little mother, she simply cannot keep her love and pride for you out of her eyes. You are a man now.

And some time you must step into your father's shoes. He wouldn't like you to call him old, but just the same he isn't as young as he used to be. You see, young man, he has been working pretty hard for more than twenty years to help you up! and already your mother is beginning to lean on you.

Doesn't that sober you—twenty-one? Your father has done fairly well, but you can do better. You may not think so, but he does. He has given you a better chance than he had. In many ways you can begin where he left off. He expects a good deal from you, and that is why he has tried to make a man of you. Don't flinch, boy!

The world will try you out. It will put to test every fiber in you; but you are made of good stuff. Once the load is fairly strapped on your young shoulders, you will carry it and scarcely feel it—only if there be the willing and cheerful mind. All hail you on the threshold!

It's high time you are beginning to pay the freight—your debts to your father and mother. You will never pay them all, the love, the care, the anxieties, the labors, the tears, the sacrifices, the hopes, the plans, etc., that they made, and suffered, and endured, and went through for you. But you can do something—you can make a part repayment by kindness, sympathy, attention, respect, obedience, deference, generosity and affection.

Hurry up and begin, for your parents will pass away before very long. It will do them no good and you little good for you to kneel on their graves and to say that you are sorry—sorry

you didn't try to show your gratitude for what they have done for you, before it was too late!—Catholic Columbian.

CULTIVATE RELIABILITY

The demand for reliability never ceases. If you buy a piece of machinery you want it to be dependable. When you purchase new clothes you desire them to be durable. If you elect an official you require that he shall be trustworthy. When you take on an employee you inquire whether he can be relied on, as to his word, his work, his loyalty. It is so in all the relations of life. While there is much unreliability, you never hear of anybody seeking it or placing a premium upon it.

The reliable man is always spoken of in terms of praise. His friends boast that he can be depended upon to do a certain thing under a certain set of circumstances without variable success or shadow of turning. They say they can find him in the dark and can trust him then with the same faith as in the broad light of day. They refer to him as one whom you can rely on. They have no fears like he will either default or betray. He has all the steadiness and fidelity of a well trained plow horse. He may lack brilliance and flash. He may not be a genius. But as far as his abilities go he is as reliable as time itself, and thus he becomes more or less of an institution in the circle within which he moves and an anchor-orage for those dependent upon him in any way whatever. —Pittsburg Gazette-Times.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

JACK'S VOCATION

Mother was washing when Jack told her. He stood beside the tub for fully 10 minutes before he could broach the subject. Not that he was afraid—but somehow it was a matter that seemed too wonderful to talk about. He dipped his fingers into the "suds" and made bubbles, and mother rubbed and splashed with all her might. He cleared his throat three times, and then made more bubbles.

"Get out of that, will you?" his mother cried. "What's up with you that you can't run away, and play? You've been haunting me all the morning."

Jack's face flushed. "There, there now; I didn't mean that," Mrs. Maher said hastily. "I like to see you so fond of your mother's company. But I mean you sort of bother me, with that solemn look in your big eyes. Is it sick you are?"

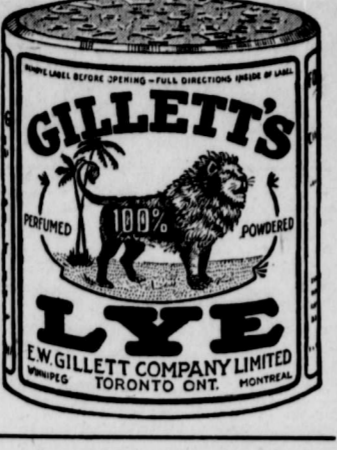
"No, mother, but—but—" "But what, child?" "I want to tell you something."

"Tell it then." "I want to tell you that—that—I want to be a priest."

Mrs. Maher raised her wet hands above her head. "A priest! The Lord save us," she said, in an awed whisper. "Yes, mother, a priest," Jack repeated in a whisper as awed as her own.

Then he looked down hurriedly. "You'll let me go, mother, when I'm big?" "Let you go?" she said, and the tears welled up in her eyes. "Let you go, is it? I'd be the proud and happy woman to have a son—a—I can't say it, it's too wonderful. But

GILLETT'S LYE EATS DIRT



you, poor child, who are you that God should pick you out to be one of his priests? It's only dreaming you are, and you only ten years old last June. You've been reading a holy book, or those Brothers have been telling you about saints and holy people. Run away and play with Molly and Nora, and think no more of it."

"No, mother, it isn't only to-day. I've been thinking of it for a long time. I can't remember the time when I did not think about it, only I did not like to say anything."

His mother looked at him sharply, and, as she said afterwards, her heart leaped at sight of the determined line the soft, boyish lips had taken, and at the solemn look in his big eyes. But then she felt she should not encourage him at first.

"But child," she said, "you have to be terribly clever to be a priest. I've heard that the books they read to learn from would fill this room."

But, mother, if God wants me to be a priest, He would let me be clever enough to learn everything. He can do anything."

"But then, child, dear, where's the money to come from?" "What money, mother?" "Listen to him, the precious innocent. What money? he says. Why, child dear, you'd have to stay at school until you were old enough to go to college, and then the years there would cost a deal of money. Where's it to come from?"

Jack made more bubbles in the tub, and thought a lot. "I forgot about that," he said sadly. Then he brightened again. "Why mother, God is rich, isn't He, if we are not? And if He wants a poor boy to be a priest, and there's money wanted, why, He will send the money Himself."

Mrs. Maher's heart exulted at her little son's exhibition of faith in God's goodness, but she said to herself, "Tis best to try him."

"Well, child, perhaps He will. But how's it to come? Do you expect it to fall from heaven? I can't tell what other way we can hope to get it."

Jack looked shocked. "No, mother, I don't mean that. But, all the same, God could shower gold down as easy as He can rain. He can do anything. But He would not work a miracle like that for a boy like me—only for very holy saints He does those things. But I know He'll send the money some way, in some quiet way, mother."

Mrs. Maher went on with the washing, but she did not rub quite so hard or splash so energetically, and sometimes a tear rolled down with the "suds."

The subject was dropped for the time being, but still it never left their thoughts. Many and many were the prayers his mother offered up; many were the "talks" she had to the Mother of God.

"I'll leave it all in your hands, Holy Mother. Who am I that I should speak to your Divine Son about it? You ask Him for me. He'll listen to you. Tell Him I'd give Him my boy willingly (wasn't it He gave him to me?) But how can a poor working-woman find ways and means? And if it's only a fancy the poor child has, why then ask Him to forgive us both for daring to think He wanted the boy."

And Jack. He prayed in his great faith, and had not a doubt in the world but that all would come right.

How he envied the altar boys! How he wished that he were one! "The serving at Mass" at the back of the catechism fascinated him. He tried to learn it but the words were "queer," and no matter how carefully he listened at Mass time, he could not catch the pronunciation of them, except "Et cum spiritu tuo," and "Deo Gratias."

Then one morning a bold idea entered his mind. Suppose he asked Brother De Sales to let him "go on" the altar. He was shy and sensitive, and days and days passed before he had gathered enough courage. It seemed rather presuming to ask to be an altar boy instead of waiting to be selected.

"Why do you want to be an altar boy?" Brother De Sales asked, and his keen eyes observed the little fellow closely.

Jack's heart stood still, and then jumped up and down suffocatingly. "Please, sir, I— I want to be a priest, and—and being on the altar will help me to wait until I'm big."

"Very well, come to me after school, and I'll instruct you for the altar; but remember, Jack, altar boys must be very well conducted, and boys who intend being priests must take care of themselves."

He put his hand on the dark hair for an instant, and Jack mumbled, "Yes, sir. Thank you, sir."

Mother made him a surplice and soutane. And perhaps she had dreams of making another surplice some day, a surplice to fit a man, and that man her own little dark-haired boy, "grown up," and kneeling in the sanctuary on his ordination day.

"But, after all, it might be only a fancy. Many a lad, while he is at school, thinks he'll be a priest, and then gives up the idea entirely. I won't set my heart on it. But oh! I'd love—"

She stitched away at the tiny surplice, and put the beautiful fancies away from her.

Brother De Sales called to see her, and even Father Ryan. Both seemed very interested in the little boy. He was such a tiny child, and seemed so determined. If he really had a vocation, the years to come would prove it. Father Ryan assured her that ways and means would be found when the time came. They must only wait—wait.

It was on the Feast of St. Andrew. The sun streamed in through the Cathedral windows, and sent a soft-colored light on the sanctuary. The newly ordained priests knelt there in their red vestments; the Mass went on.

A shabbily-dressed woman and a little schoolboy knelt in a seat over from the sanctuary. She was weeping softly, as she saw the mothers of the newly-ordained going up for their sons' blessings.

Happy mothers? Happy sons! The little boy moved closer to her side, and looked up at her with big, solemn eyes.

"Don't cry, mother," he whispered, "some day you'll be one of the mothers, and I—I'll be one of them." He nodded his head towards the sanctuary.

She looked down at the little brown hands clasped so reverently. Yes, some day, please God, those little hands would be placed in a priestly blessing on her head. But, ah! What might happen in the years? Perhaps, she would die; perhaps he would. Perhaps, poor child, such a life was not for him at all; it might be only a pious child's fancy. And she wept again.

The blessings were given until the young priest arose, and then their faces were pale and tired looking. None of them knew why that shabbily-dressed woman buried her face in their anointed hands and kissed them with such fervor. They did not know what was in the heart and mind of the little dark haired school-boy, who timidly made his way to the altar-rails. Those anointed hands were placed upon the dark hair.

"Benedictus dei omnipotentis, patris et filii, et spiritus sancti, descendent super te et maneat semper. Amen." They did not know that the perfume of the holy oils that clung to their hands was the sweetest perfume he had ever known.

Mother and Jack were silent most of the way home, then Jack said: "Mother, did you see the white ribbon tied round their fingers?" "Yes, child; that's because they are to hold the Blessed Sacrament."

"I thought it was that, mother," he said, and his eyes looked down in wonder at his own thin brown fingers.

Mother, weren't their hands lovely with the perfume of the holy oil on them?" "Lovely, child, dear; it seemed to refresh my soul."

"Mother, it's such a long, long time to wait," he said sighingly. "A long, long time, my boy. God give you grace and strength and patience all those years, if it really is a vocation you have."

RELIGION BEGETS HAPPINESS

God was, is, and ever shall be. He had no beginning. Man is and ever shall be, but he has a beginning in time. Time, marking the events in which events succeed, future as well as past events, cannot be applied to God. Time, as applied to man, is twofold, past and future. On the side of God there is no past, no future. For man, memory is the faculty which brings up past events. It recalls what has transpired within the range of its own experience, or from acquired knowledge. But this faculty may and does perceive the future as well as the past, since man can look before as well as after.

This foresight, extending with the unending future, would reasonably presuppose a relationship between God and man. God ever existing, a necessary cause, and man beginning in time, the effect of the creative act must be bound together by some link. The bond which unites both is religion. In its broadest sense religion may be defined as an acknowledgment and worship of the Deity. It defines the relations which unite the creature to the Creator, and points out the truths which join man to the Infinite and Eternal Being.

Religion is coeval and co-existent with the history of man. Its existence could not, as modern theorists pretend, be a mere fact of man's natural history, as rumination is a fact of the natural history of the cow. This would be making religion entirely dependent on sentiment, which is natural to man, therefore purely human, and lacking the divine origin which it claims. Man could not invent a religion unless religion existed prior to the invention, any more than he could invent a language without having another language to build on.

To suppose that the Christian religion is a development of heathen mythologies, as some infidel writers maintain, is to contradict well known facts, or set aside the historical value of the most ancient records. The oldest historical document we now have is the Hebrew book of Genesis. Christianity, as taught by the Catholic Church for the past twenty centuries, will be found within its pages, differing only in this, that the patriarchs believed in the Messiah who was to come, whilst the Church believes in the same Messiah—the Christ—Who has come, and who, as St. Paul teaches, "did the things necessary to perfect their faith."

It was the religion of Adam and his posterity, before and after the deluge, and the erection of the Tower of Babel, because of the confusion of tongues, had ceased, and the great Gentile apostasy had taken place. The most ancient heathen mythology is long subsequent to the flood, and could not have the germs of Christianity. The primitive religion revealed by God must have been true. It recognized God in His true character; also the true relation of man to Him. The mythologies and gross superstitions which came subsequently were corruptions of the original truths and divine traditions first implanted in the hearts of our ancestors. Man may, can, and often does corrupt, and falsify the true faith; but he could not originate even a false religion unless religion had already existed. Man growing up devoid of all religion and never hearing of the divine could not, by any inward sentiment, conceive an idea of something divine superior and distinct from himself. Those who worshipped gods, made and fashioned by their own hands, first believed that God is, and should be worshipped, otherwise how could they identify Him with the sun and moon, or any other elementary forces of nature?

Error presupposes truth, as denial presupposes an affirmation. So also with false religions; they presuppose, and are subsequent to true religion. True religion gives the grandest and most sublime idea of man in his relations to God. Called out of nothingness by God's creative power, he longs to return to Him with confident hope of one day possessing infinite happiness. More, still, religion fortifies man, and in the battle of life renders him invincible.

"A man who fears not God," wrote Aristotle, "is not a man of courage, but infirm of soul, for just as he is not courageous who fears everything, so neither is he courageous who fears nothing, not even the Divinity." Benefits of religion, the most successful life is a failure in the end. Money cannot be transplanted on the other side of the grave; pleasures fade away like flowers in the early autumn, and man, in his seventies, who enjoyed both, can only say: I am seventy-five years old, and nothing is left me but death. Death without religion brings a piercing chill. Such a person Byron describes as a poor shipwrecked sailor, at the mercy of the surging billows and whose only food is the hard and pitiless rocks; or, as a wretched wanderer, lost in a boundless and arid desert, who has the sand for his only sustenance. What solace for the poor, miserable man who has no light to steer him to his last goal. He can only cry out: "I am



Every 10c Packet of WILSON'S FLY PADS WILL KILL MORE FLIES THAN \$8.00 WORTH OF ANY STICKY FLY CATCHER

THE PRIEST IN THE BATTLEFIELD

In the London (England) Daily Chronicle some time ago appeared an article by Mr. Philip Gibbs on the spiritual influence of priest soldiers on the field of battle. Mr. Gibbs, we are pleased to note, quotes as accurate the estimate published by Catholic papers that there are twenty thousand priests in the French Army at the present time. While many of these, he writes, are employed as Chaplains or stretcher-bearers in the Red Cross Corps, the great majority are serving under compulsion as ordinary soldiers in the ranks, or as officers who have gained promotion by merit. Mr. Gibbs says he cannot explain what he terms "the paradox that those whose function it is to preach the Gospel of Peace should be helping to heap up the fields of Christendom with the corruption of dead bodies." There is no paradox at all, for these priests are fighting under the compulsion of a godless government which persecuted the Church these priests serve; and one form of that persecution is the compelling of these clergymen to fight. They are fighting in the army, therefore, merely as citizens of France, not as priests; although they cannot forego their priestly functions. And they are exercising these functions nobly in the trenches, as Mr. Gibbs testifies, for, according to him, "the priest-soldier in France is a spiritual influence among his comrades. The lay soldier sees the priest at his prayers in the trenches, or on his lying down to rest, and puts a check upon his blasphemy. He marks the supernatural note in the priest's courage and indifference to death. He responds to the kindly doing by the priest of a thousand little acts of service." And "having seen again and again in the Order of the day the mention of priest's names for gallantry," the lay soldier surely cannot but be moved to admiration of and a desire for that gift of the grace of God which is the secret of the priest's courage and consecration. The prophet Isaiah writes, "How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings, and that preacheth peace." And St. Paul admonishes Christians to have "their feet shod with the preparation (literally the preparedness) of the gospel of peace." If we alter the words "upon the mountains" to the words "in the trenches" in the passage from Isaiah, how appropriately the prophet's words apply to these French priests; whose preparedness in obedience to the injunction of St.

Paul is moving to admiration and a worthy covetousness of such grace many who are still outside the Church, and not a few who formerly blasphemed.—St. Paul Bulletin.

WHY "THE MENACE" CONTINUES

One reason for the continuance of The Menace is the disgraceful laxity of the libel laws of the U. S. A. This laxity is notorious. It has happened on several occasions that a libeler was brought before the court, his calumnies refuted, his guilt acknowledged even by himself. Yet there was no redress for the slandered party because it could not be established that the uttering of the lies had injured his reputation to any appreciable degree; no one, the judge said, believed that the charges were true. It is well known and universally acknowledged that it is practically an utter impossibility to convict a man of libel in this country. Any one with a modicum of brains can make invidious charges and yet so veil his language as to escape prosecution for libel. The Menace knows this and uses the knowledge to its own unworthy purpose. Its charges are often couched in general terms; its articles are filled with broad innuendoes; priests are attacked whose names are not to be found in any Catholic directory, or if they do exist they are placed in towns whose alleged location has escaped the closest observation of the National Geographic Survey.

An additional reason why The Menace is allowed to contaminate our country is the shameful fact that there are in this country millions of Protestants "who are incapable of believing anything but evil of Roman Catholics." (Dr. Washington Gladden, Congregationalist minister.) As long as Protestant parents will take their children to anti Catholic lectures reeking with obscenity; as long as Protestant congregations will tolerate ministers who prostitute their office to unfair and slanderous attacks on their Catholic neighbors; as long as Protestant people prefer to form their opinion of Catholics from the pages of The Menace rather than from the open lives, honest words and known works of Catholics themselves, The Menace and publications of that stripe can hope to continue their baleful existence.—Truth.

Ask any Catholic on his death bed facing eternity, which would be preferable, a wreath for his coffin or a Mass for his soul. Our tribute for our dead should be worthy of our faith.

We should carefully beware of giving ourselves so completely to any employment as to forget to have recourse to God from time to time.—St. Teresa.

STOPS FALLING HAIR

This Home Made Mixture Stops Dandruff and Falling Hair and Aids Its Growth To a half pint of water add: Bay Rum..... 1 oz. Orlex Compound..... a small box Glycerine..... 1/2 oz. These are all simple ingredients that you can buy from any druggist at very little cost, and mix them yourself. Apply to the scalp once a day for two weeks, then once every other week until all the mixture is used. A half pint should be enough to rid the head of dandruff and kill the dandruff germs. It stops the hair from falling out, and relieves itching and scalp diseases. Although it is not a dye, it acts upon the hair roots and will darken streaked, faded, gray hair in ten or fifteen days. It promotes the growth of the hair and makes harsh hair soft and glossy.

Advertisement for Shredded Wheat featuring the text "Give the Boy a Chance" and "SHREDDED WHEAT" with an image of a bowl of wheat.

Advertisement for Cowan's Perfection Cocoa featuring the text "Cowan's Perfection COCOA" and "Little Miss MAIDEN CANADA" with an image of a girl with a cocoa pot.

BEAUTIFUL TRIBUTE TO ARCHBISHOP QUIGLEY

BY THE MOST REV. E. J. HANNA D. D., SAN FRANCISCO

The following beautiful eulogy spoken by the new prelate of San Francisco points out wherein lay the late Archbishop Quigley's greatness, in that he knew and followed the greatness and glory of Christ and ignored the things of the world.

The earthly pilgrimage of our dear Archbishop is closed, and his great soul has returned whence it came. We who loved him in life, gather here to pay our tribute of reverence to his memory and in this sacred place to tell the story of what he has done and of the motives that inspired him to action.

The high ideal for which Christ lived, for which He died, has been able through all the centuries to cast its spell over truly great men and to compel them to leave all the world behind, to follow in Christ's footsteps.

When James Quigley became Bishop of Buffalo he was in manhood's very prime. To the remarkable gifts of nature he added a fine education obtained in the best schools of earth. His temper was even, his spirit kind, his mind was of high type, and his faith like the rock on which it was built; his judgment was almost unerring, his manner attractive, his great zeal was governed by prudence; and while he felt sure of the outcome, like all great men, he relied upon Him "In whom we can do all things." When we see what he accomplished, there is no great surprise, nor do we marvel when we know that he left to his successor in Buffalo a united people, a splendid clergy, institutions flourishing and meeting every need of a great Christian center, a fine educational system framed so that those who grew into the hope of the new generation might have light and grace and strength through discipline.

Further west from Buffalo had been growing the most typical of all American centers, the great city of Chicago. Its population numbers millions, its industrial situation with all its industrial problems is unparalleled in the history of the world. There is here, a language question greater than the first memorable Pentecost, for in twenty-five different tongues is the gospel preached every Sunday, and there are problems to solve at which the strongest might fail and take flight.

His life story runneth thus: From the first dawn of reason he was quiet, dignified, subdued, evincing even in earliest youth that love of silence and retirement that ever marks the chosen ones of God; and yet, among his equals, his strong personality was ever dominant. In his tender years he left the charm and the love of the home circle for college, for the crossing kindness of home would have softened too much the spirit that was made for strife and for battle.

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He then repaired to France for a few months of rest and to perfect himself in the French tongue. While studying in France, two young men who had been with him in the Propaganda reached the place at which he was staying. They had been broken in health by the rigor of our Roman climate and by the sternness of our Roman discipline and it seemed dangerous for them to travel alone. Doctor Quigley, touched by their condition, straightway gave up his prospect of rest and of further improvement and accompanied them to the seashore. He was ever tender to the needs of others. After his first days of priestly service, he was sent to the humblest of country missions, and for some years he labored over a vast part of the hill regions of western New York. He then became rector of Buffalo cathedral, afterwards pastor of one of Buffalo's populous parishes and at the death of Bishop Ryan was consecrated Bishop of Buffalo. Though all these years of preparation for the part he was to play in building the church of God, the seed sown by Buffalo's first

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apostolic bishops, was ripening to harvest, but so many were the serious problems that had come with the change in industrial conditions of that great city by the lakes, that there was need of a man courageous, clear headed, humble, if the problems were to see solution.

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world, he saw this Church as the centre of world's history, and as the centre of every great world movement. His great business ability, his constructive power, his institution he reared, the needs of humanity to which he went out, his deep interest in the problems of the poor, his sympathy with the toiler in our communities, his profound respect for his priests and of his religious; all these were the ways he showed his love for the Church. He would linger lovingly to speak of her growth, of her power in science, in art, in the counsel of the nations; he would dwell proudly on the glorious privilege of being numbered among her children, and he would speak in tones of admiration of her unity when all else seemed to break and divide. That this Church would spread abroad her influence he labored, he bore the criticisms of men, he suffered, and finally, when physical strength had reached its limits and broke, his unconquerable spirit took flight.

Of the personal side of our dear Archbishop and friend, I shall say little, for you who gather here, know him almost as well as I. He had that strength of character which comes to men from the study of Christ; a strength that was not swayed by the judgments of the world nor by any personal consideration. Like Christ's, his heart went out in loving sympathy to the young, the aged, the sick and to those who had fallen out of the ways of life. In him justice and mercy blended harmoniously, and his simplicity was the simplicity of true greatness. Though of great humility, he prized, as few men could, his dignity as priest and as bishop, and prizing that dignity he felt as few men do, his responsibility for souls, especially for those entrusted to his immediate care. With his keen insight, he knew the value of the soul, he felt ever that it was in God's image, that it had been bought with Christ's blood, that to each soul there was due an inheritance beyond power to tell and as he loved God and as he loved Christ, so in zeal he went out to all, and this zeal, working so unostentatiously, this zeal, borne of a sense of great responsibility, was perhaps the most conspicuous virtue of the many that make his crown of honor to-day.

Of his friendships to those to whom he gave the whisper of affection, I may not, I cannot speak—here my silence must be more eloquent than all I might say of him, who to me was ever a brother, a father, a friend. In our joys, he rejoiced; and in the hard days of life we had his love, his sympathy, his help. This is the story of his life. These are the motives that ruled his actions; these are his great accomplishments. His work is too close to be viewed aright, and I venture to say that those of another generation will arise to call him blessed and he will be remembered when others who did truly great things are forgotten.

We have gathered here to-day to pay our loving tribute to the memory of our great Archbishop, who has gathered to pray for his soul. Faith teaches that our prayers help those who have gone beyond and who have not yet reached the hope of the blessed. The greatest burdens that man may bear save one, he has borne, yes he has borne in one of life's most arduous places; and in the weakness and frailty of human nature he may have sinned, he may have failed, he may have suffered weakness. Let us pray for him, let us ask Christ to have pity on him that he may soon reach that blessed vision which is the joy of all hearts, the rest of the saints, the blessed vision of the God he loved so ardently and so well. Let not his memory abide only for to-day; let it be good to know that such a man lived, that such a man was our father in Christ, that such a man loved us, that such a man was indeed our friend. Let his use of his great gifts inspire us unto higher endeavor, and let his unsullied life be unto us an example of what God's spirit can do when we yield to its gentle guidance.

And now, dear father and kind friend, farewell. Thou hast fought a good fight. Thou hast kept thy plighted truth, thou hast won thy crown. Oh, in loving kindly pity, look down upon us and help us by thy prayer. Pray for the loved ones of thy family whose saddened hearts need still thy loving touch; pray for this vast diocese of which thou wast a joy and pride; pray for thy priests that like other Christians they may go about doing good and healing those oppressed by evil. Pray for thy religious, who were a valiant vanguard in the battle, that they may grow ever more unto the living image of Him to whom they have dedicated their lives; pray for thy people that they may be living stones in God's great temple; pray for the little ones who were ever thy care, that they may be courageous defenders of Christ's cause in the coming generation; pray for the Holy Mother Church, that in the chaos into which the world has fallen, she may be unto many men a new light and bring unto them a new strength; pray for him who in God's providence guides the destinies of the Church, that in this era of need he may be wise, he may be strong with the strength of Christ; pray finally for us thy children, thy friends, that inspired by thy example and strengthened by God's grace, we may bravely live our lives, we may carry our cross with magnanimity, we may have here below through Christ joy and peace of spirit, until we join thee in that land of bliss where there is no strife, where there is no battle, where sorrow is no more, where tears are no more, but where

all is joy and peace and harmony, love everlasting.

May the angels conduct thee to thy place of peace and that thou mayest be with Christ forever.

Pope Benedict XV. has raised to the rank of a mitred abbey the parish church of the town of Montebiasi, in the diocese of Brescia. The church is dedicated to the Assumption of Our Lady.

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DIED

SPELLMAN.—At Vegreville, Alberta, on July 8, 1912, Mr. James Spellman. May his soul rest in peace!

HAYES.—On July 15th, 1912, Mrs. Michael Hayes, Sr. Interment in Kinkora, Ont., May her soul rest in peace!

MADDEN.—At Mount Carmel, on July 10, 1912, Mr. John Madden, aged seventy-five years. May his soul rest in peace!

HOLLING.—At the residence of her daughter Mrs. John O'Brien, Wyoming, on Wednesday, June 30, 1912, Mrs. Bridget Holling, aged ninety-two years. May her soul rest in peace!

WEIS.—At New Hamburg, Ont., on Tuesday, July 18, Bridget Madigan, relict of the late Sebastian Weis, aged ninety-four years. May her soul rest in peace!

Nothing which is morally wrong can ever be politically right.—Gladstone.

TEACHERS WANTED

TEACHER WANTED FOR CATHOLIC SCHOOL No. 5, Raleigh. Holding 2nd class professional certificate. Experience preferred. Duties to commence Sept. 1st. Salary \$800 per annum according to experience. School well located. Apply to Mr. J. L. G. Sec. Treas., 130 W. 4th St., R. 2, O. R. No. 6, Chatham, Ont.

WANTED FOR ST. MARY'S CATHOLIC Separate school, Kingston, Ont., a male Principal. Must be thoroughly competent and of excellent habits and have not less than second class professional certificate. All replies must be in by August 14th. Apply, stating qualifications and references, to J. J. Behan, Sec. Treas., Kingston, Ont.

TEACHER WANTED FOR SEPARATE school section No. 18, township of Tyendinaga, Hastings county. One holding a second class professional certificate. Duties to commence after summer vacation. Apply, stating salary to Michael Murray, Sec. Treas., S. S. No. 18, Tyendinaga, Albert, Ont.

TEACHER WANTED, MALE, FOR PRINCIPAL for Separate school section No. 2, Newell, one holding first or second class professional certificate. Must be capable of teaching English and French. Duties to begin Sept. 1st. State salary and qualifications. Apply to Mr. C. G. Sec. Treas., Chatham, Ont.

TWO ASSISTANT TEACHERS WANTED holding first or second class certificate for Separate school section No. 2, Newell. Must be capable of teaching English and French. Duties to begin Sept. 1st. State salary and qualifications. Apply to Mr. C. G. Sec. Treas., Chatham, Ont.

TEACHER WANTED HOLDING A SECOND class certificate for Separate school section No. 4, LaPasse, township of Westmeath, Hastings county. One who can teach French and English. Duties to commence after summer vacation. Apply, stating salary and experience to Hector Garvais, Sec. Treas., LaPasse, Ont.

TEACHER WANTED HOLDING SECOND class certificate for Separate school section No. 2, Newell. Salary \$800 and third certificate \$850. Service required Sept. 1st. Apply to J. J. Behan, Sec. Treas., Kingston, Ont.

A QUALIFIED TEACHER, HOLDING AT least a third class certificate, for Separate school section No. 2, Newell. Salary \$800 and third certificate \$850. Service required Sept. 1st. Apply to J. J. Behan, Sec. Treas., Kingston, Ont.

WANTED CATHOLIC TEACHER FOR S.S. No. 7, Nepean township, holding first or second class certificate. Apply at once to Charles McKenna, R. R. No. 2, Richmond, Ont.

WANTED CATHOLIC TEACHER WITH second or third class certificate for S.S. No. 1, Gard and Himsforth. Apply and state salary wanted to Casper Versley, Sec. Treas., Trout Creek, Ont.

WANTED EXPERIENCED TEACHER, Catholic, holding at least second class certificate, for country school, terms of ten months, starting Sept. 1st. Apply to J. J. Ainsborough, P. P., Mayo, Que.

TEACHER WANTED S.S. No. 12, Peel Second class certificate. State experience. Salary \$850. Apply to Edward Gaynor, Arthur Street, Toronto, Ont.

A SECOND CLASS PROFESSIONAL TEACHER wanted for C.S.S. No. 4, Adamston. Salary \$800 and upwards according to experience. Duties to commence Sept. 1st. Apply to William Kavin, Sec. Treas., Barry's Bay, Ont.

WANTED A DULY QUALIFIED TEACHER for Separate school No. 4, Osgoode. Duties to commence September 2nd, 1912. Apply stating salary and experience to William Harvey, Sec. Manotick Station, Ont.

TEACHER WANTED, NORMAL TRAINED, 2nd class certificate, for school section No. 7, Huntley. Salary \$800 per annum. School to open September 1st. Apply to Patrick Carroll, Sec. Treas., Naam Meehal, Ont.

WANTED SECOND CLASS PROFESSIONAL teacher for Hanover Catholic school. Pupils 75. Salary \$600. Duties to commence, Sept. 1st. Apply giving references and experience to Wm. Bohmert, Sec. Treas., Hanover, Ont.

WANTED TEACHER, A QUALIFIED SECOND class certificate. First class preferred for Catholic Separate school, No. 3 and 4, Township of Cumberland, Salvey Bay. Apply to Timothy Kelly, Amherstburg, Ont., R. R. No. 4.

WANTED TEACHER FOR CATHOLIC Separate school No. 2, Nipissing, holding a second class certificate. State experience and salary. Apply to Louis Straus, Sec. Treas., R. R. No. 2, Powassan, Ont.

WANTED FOR THE PEMBROKE C. S. S. NO. 1 STANLEY Separate school. Four assistant teachers holding second class Normal school certificates. Applicants to state salary and experience. Apply to A. J. Fortier, Sec. Pembroke, Ont.

WANTED TEACHER FOR C.S.S. HULLETT, holding second class professional certificate. Duties to commence after summer holidays. Attendance twenty pupils. Apply stating salary expected and experience to John P. McIntosh, Sec. Clinton, P. O. R. R. No. 1.

WANTED TEACHER FOR SEPARATE school section No. 5, Bigot, one holding first or second class Normal certificate. Duties to commence Sept. 1st. Salary \$800. Apply to J. L. G. Sec. Treas., Catalogue, Ont.

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